MISCELLANY POEMS.

BY

Mrs. *Jane Adams*

IN

CRAWFORDSDYKE.

GLASGOW:
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MISCELLANY POEMS.

BY

Mrs. Anne Addams

CRAWFORD'S DITTIE.

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A

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TO THE READER.

THE *Author of the following Miſcellany Poems is a young Woman, born in the Town of* Craufordſdyke, *in the Pariſh of* Greenoak *and Shire of* Renfrew, *in the Weſt of* Scotland: *her Father was a Shipmaſter in that Place: her Breeding was as is ordinary for Girls of her Station, and Circumſtances; and having ſeveral Years ago loſt her Father, Providence ordered her Lot for ſome Years in the Family of a Reverend Miniſter in the Neighbourhood, where ſhe had Acceſs to peruſe ſuch of that Miniſter's Books, as her Fancy led her to read. Upon that Stock and little more reading, ſhe indulged her Genius in compoſing theſe Verſes upon various Subjects, as the Peruſal of them will ſhew. The Publication of them was thought fit by ſome, no incompetent Judges of thoſe Matters, ſo that 'tis hop'd the candid and ingenuous Reader, will ra-*

ther overlook the Escapes, than rigidly censure the Performance. 'Tis expected the Measures will be found to be just, the Grammar good, and the Phrases, Allusions and Figures, will not be found disagreeable to the best English Poets, that have written within Seventy Years last past. The Poems are divided into two Parts, the first being all in Meeter, according to the ordinary metrical Numbers, the second Part being blank Verse, in Imitation of the famous Milton, his incomparable and unparalelled Paradise lost and regain'd. And so I bid you Farewell.

Archibald Crauford.

TO

Thomas Crauford

OF

Craufordsburn, Esq;

SIR,

THE Respect that you have put upon my Amusements all along, abstract from all other Considerations, Emboldens me to make this Offering; which I hope your Generosity will not despise, upon the Account of

the Diſadvantages it may ly under, by Reaſon of my Weakneſs, and Want of Learning: I had not preſum'd to offer it to a Perſon of your Judgment, if I had not been aſſur'd that it had Truth enough, to Compenſate for the Want of Ornament; and I humbly conceive that a Perſon who has Reſolution to be Religious, in Deſpite of Ridicule, can embrace Truth in the plaineſt Dreſs, as heartily as when arrayed with all the Ornaments, Art can produce: on which Conſideration I offer it, and humbly beg your Acceptance.

I am with the utmoſt ſincerity

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

Jean Adams.

THE *Gratefull* MUSE.

WHILST Statesmen drain the Schools for Subjects new,
I will the Plan of private Life pursue.
To me it of far greater Value seems,
Than the most touring of scholastick Schemes:
At once it serves my Life to regulate,
And gives a Prospect of a future State.
Come then instructing, recreating Beam,
Thou, like thy Author, better felt than seen;
Sojourn with me within this House of Clay,
And through this Maze of Matter lead my Way.
'Tis no *Arcadia* nor *Elysian* Field
I Sing, which cannot solid Pleasure yeild.
I will not Sell my *Juno* for a Cloud,
Nor change a real, for a fabled Good.
On *Helicon* I scorn to spend a Breath,
Since *Zion*'s King deliver'd me from Death.

To

To Him the Tribute of my Praiſe is due,
And ſhould I have a lower End in View?
My Tongue was made an Organ for his Praiſe,
Which ought in me devoteſt Thoughts to raiſe;
My Body made a Temple for his Sp'rit,
And can I reſt content with modern Wit?
Let ſullen Satyr exerciſe his Pen
In Panegyricks on the worſt of Men,
Who knows not he was born for higher End;
My Muſe delights not here, ſhe will aſcend
To make the fructifying Streams of Life
The Martyr's Cup, now crown'd and free from ſtrife
Her Theme; for ſtill it gives enough to do,
And every Hour produces ſomething new.
Plato's Elyſium could not boaſt a Tree,
That ere could kill the ſting of Sin in Me.
The Tree of Life by every Leaſe can heal,
As well as by her Fruit my Taſte regale.
Ambroſial Feaſts can do the Soul no good,
Our ſp'ritual Life depends on ſp'ritual Food.
Nectar can be to one no Complement,
Who knows the Virtue of the Sacrament;
It with far truer Virtue does inſpire,
Blows up *Platonick* to Seraphick Fire;
Refineth Virtue, turns her into Grace,

Reſtores to Life again dead *Adam*'s Race!
No humane Wiſdom could find out a Way
To turn the Night to one eternal Day,
Mercy and Juſtice thus to reconcile,
And friendly in each others Face to ſmile:
Strict Juſtice fondly does ſoft Mercy greet,
By JESUS only in the Law they meet.
No *Martial* Force could ere ſubdue a Mind,
That was to vicious Acts by Choice inclin'd;
Our General only does in this excell,
Who led in Triumph Sin, and Death, and Hell.
Old *Saturn* gormandizes on his Son,
And cuts the ſtrongeſt Threed that he has ſpun;
All Time's Productions with their Author dies,
And with the Sire the Airy Offspring flys.
But with our King the Caſe is oppoſite,
He makes his Sons with Him in Glory ſit;
He never dy'd to cut, but dy'd to twine
The Threed, Himſelf ſpun out by Grace divine.
All Beautie's Fav'rites leave her at her Death,
But Saints loſe nothing but their Sins with Breath.
Nature cries, take my dead out of my ſight;
But CHRIST beholds dead Saints with great Delight,
Regrates to think their Sins gave them the Pain,
But glad to ſee them free from Sin again:

Till now he never saw them without Spot,
The cleaneſt Thing in Nature has a Blot;
But now the Clogg of Nature's laid aſide,
In Death he meets the never falling Bride.
Death is to them *Lethe*'s forgetfull Stream,
There ly interr'd the black Remains of Sin.
Can our Invention fix the wandring Heart?
Or ſp'ritual Wiſdom to the Soul impart?
No; only he, who gave the blind their Sight,
Can fix interiour Eyes on heavenly Light.
No earthly Ore can make the Soul aſpire,
Saints muſt be rich with Gold try'd in the Fire.
No humane Art could ere produce a Robe
To ſcreen me from a Sin revenging GOD:
CHRIST's Righteouſneſs muſt cover me from Sin,
And by his ſpotleſs Robe I enter in.
Thus is all Fulneſs in him centered,
In him the Wiſdom's of the GOD-HEAD hid;
All we can love or wiſh to imitate,
Is lodg'd in him of either good or great.

On Creation.

THAT GOD made Heaven and Earth who dares to doubt?
A Book worth reading, but who finds it out.
Yet to delight me by Variety,
From Grace to Nature back again I'll fly.
Implicite Nature the Creator's Part
Shall be the Theme, on which I'll ſhow my Art.
A copious Theme indeed, but O! the Muſe
Is too confin'd and will but Praiſe abuſe.
Howbeit I'll try, and as I can, I'll ſing,
How firſt the World did out of nothing ſpring.
GOD made the *Empyreum* firſt, and plac'd therein
His min'ſtring Spirits, and all free from Sin.
The ten ſpher'd Heaven out he iſſu'd next,
And therein all the ſhining Hoſt he fix't.
The King and Queen of Lights in Heaven he plac'd,
By whoſe bright Rays the whole Creation's grac'd,
By whoſe revolving Reigns Time's calculate,
Who gives at once the Gift of Light and Heat;
Whoſe Influences on the Earth below
Make Inſects thrive, and Vegetables grow.
The Elements He wiſely regulates,
And unto each of them juſt Bounds he ſets.

In one great Magazine he keeps his Fire,
A little lower dwells the ſubtile Air.
He by his Pow'r did the vaſt Ocean bound,
And diſtant from him lys the ſolid Ground.
What Things inhabite Fire we do not know,
But we perceive Inſects and Fowls below:
Fiſhes and Birds are known by Touch and Taſte,
Wild Beaſt and tame prove often Man's Repaſte.
Roots, Fruits, and Flowers, and Plants he made to grow
For Fewel, Food, and Medicine below.
His Winds he claſs'd in three diſtinct Degrees;
One ſerves on Earth, another on the Seas,
A third flys poſt for Him thro' ſuttle Air,
Come read a Maſs of Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Care.
The gentle *Zephir* fans the torrid Clime,
The ſweeping Gale makes Mariners to ſwim.
Far quicker, and the dreadfull Hurricane
Blows off Contagion, Nature's deadly Bane.
He has his Treaſure Houſe for Snow and Froſt,
And when he pleaſes theſe muſt take their Poſt.
Theſe ſerve at once to cauſe the Earth give Food,
Or to correct the hot fermented Blood.
To rugged Rocks do Orient Pearls fix,
With common Duſt he common Ore doth mix.

Till both be ſeparate by humane Art,
Then Earth and Sea do precious ſtores impart.
Theſe in themſelves intrinſick Worth have leſs,
Than any Thing that Mankind doth poſſeſs;
Yet by the Image of an Earthly King,
What ſtrange Productions out of nothing ſpring?
Methinks it would not be unnatural,
For Man, when he looks on a Mineral,
Which all it's Value to Inſcription ows,
(Man all his Value to GOD's Image ows.)
To mind that Glory is in *Adam* loſt,
And what has humane Nature left to boaſt:
Now where can he ſo well repair that Loſs,
As in the Stamp which makes true Gold as Droſs?
GOD made the World all perfect and compleat,
In her both Uſe and Ornament did meet:
A ſpacious Empire for his Fav'rite Man;
All was made ready ere this Monarch came,
Save Thorns and Thiſtles, theſe two curſed Weeds,
Theſe were the Offspring of his lawleſs Deeds.
Now have I thro' the Book of Nature run,
Thro' all that I can underſtand I've gone:
And every Thing GOD's Goodneſs ſpeaks to me,
But here I nothing of Redemption ſee.

Here fix my Muſe; for now I plainly ſee,
(As with the Nat'ral Appetite, ſo 'tis with thee)
More than enough degenerates into Wind,
Juſt ſo with Learning of the humane Kind.

On Redemption.

IMPLICITE Nature ſpeaks her LORD
Both powerfull, wiſe, and good;
Creating Pow'r, preſerving Care,
Were ſeen ſince Nature ſtood:
But what can Nature teach to Man
Of free electing Grace,
Which was conceal'd, till Time was full
Within the Prophets Glaſs,
But that run out, what Man but hear'd,
He with his Eyes might ſee
Within firm Fleſh, that Age ſaw vail'd
The glorious Deity;
Whoſe Conduct ſpoke him more than Man,
None elſe entirely good;
He only, who 'gainſt Death and Hell
In ſingle Combate ſtood;

He,

He, who the Cov'nant made for us
With GOD could firmly keep,
And purchaſe Pardon by his Blood,
The Fruits of which we reap;
He, who aſcended up above
Indemnities to bring;
He only, who could captive lead
Death, Nature's Tyrant King;
Who had from *Adam* unto CHRIST
Always the better got,
Yet could not keep him here below,
Nor make his Mem'ry rot;
But He aſcended up above,
To ſend us Gifts below;
Then gratefully with theſe again
We'll to his Altar go.

The Method of Grace.

WHEN Sin had far remov'd me from GOD's ſight,
Which grew ſo groſs, it hid me from the Light,
Aſleep as in a darkſome Cave I lay,
Till me he rous'd, and bid me come away.
Then to th' impartial Mirrour ſtraight I flew,
And of my State by Nature took a View,
Found all was wrong, I muſt turn Bankrupt ſoon,
My Debt increaſſed was to ſuch a ſum;

Then

Then did he bid me to his Altar go,
Make ſure my Friend, leſt he ſhould turn a Foe;
He brought me there, and then by Faith I ſaw
My Surety came to ſatisfy the Law;
The mighty Sum for me he frankly pay'd,
And in my Hand the free Diſcharge he laid.
Nor is a free Diſcharge half of my Gains,
For yet a conſtant Aliment remains.
The freſh ſupplies of Grace, by which I ſtand,
I do receive from his Immediate Hand.
The Glory of my ſtrength remains with him,
And by his Grace thro' Floods of Fears I ſwim.

The Priviledge of Saints.

I was the Object of his Care,
Ere ever I was born;
He wrote his Wiſdom on my Frame,
When firſt it took a Form:
Yet more amazing is the Love,
That he has ſhown for me,
By the Proviſion he has made
From all Eternity.
'Tis not alone my vital Frame,
That does my Wonder raiſe,

Tho'

Tho' every Member, Joint, and Limb,
Has given me cauſe to praiſe,
'Tis not alone the Beauty he
Beſtow'd upon my Form,
But more ſurpriſing is the Soul,
Which does the ſame adorn,
Who form'd the Object, and the Eye
That fixes on the ſame,
Who form'd the ſpring of Eloquence,
Who furniſh'd it with Theme.
Whoſe Bounty gave the hearing Ear,
Who taught me to retain,
Who does that entertaining Lamp
Of Memory maintain,
Who gave the quick diſcerning Pow'r,
Or who the active Will,
Or who taught me to ſeparate
The precious from the vile;
Who did, but he who brought me from
The Darkneſs to the Light;
Who elſe did guard my Infant ſtate
In Watches of the Night;
Who watch'd unſeen o're all my ſteps,
At more advanced Years;
Nay,

Nay, who continues to allay
The Tempests of my Fears;
Who does in Weakness perfect Strength,
Who does my Steps direct,
Who is it that determines me,
His Precepts to respect,
What turns the Stream of Nature back,
And sits content with Loss,
And Sacrifices all unto
The Glory of the Cross.

Christian Bravery.

THE Guardianship of Heaven should
With truer Taste inspire
It's Pupil, than to turn aside
To join with Sins Empire.
It is unworthy of the Rules,
Were made to square their Life;
What Fool would change the scenes of Bless,
For that of deadly Strife?
It is ungratefull to the Prince,
Who left them first the Fund,
By which their Grandure is kept up,
Life purchast by a Wound.

Not a ſlight Scratch, but ſuch a Wound,
As brought the Streams of Blood;
Sure all our Service is to him
But common Gratitude.

Chriſtian Policy.

THE Innocence of Doves is in
A Chriſtian requiſite,
And yet the Serpent's Policy
Muſt be conjunct with it.
Our nat'ral Opticks were not plac'd
Within our Heads in vain,
Nor Intellects beſtow'd for nought,
They both will have their Aim,
It ſeems to me their Exercíſe
To find out Cauſes juſt,
And not to ſet a Traitor in
A Place of publick Truſt.
What tho' the Feind his Organ change,
The Spirit's ſtill the ſame:
If now he took a Serpent's Form,
His Fraud would be too plain:

But now the hamane Form he takes
The humane to deceive;
For want of Penetration
They what he ſays believe?
Will he deſtructive be to Sin,
He does for ever own?
Will he, who rob'd us of our Bleſs,
Reſtore what he has won?
Where then is Love ſo wiſely plac'd,
As in th'eternal Friend?
No Man can give his Love a Date,
Or tell where it will End.

Religion Compendiz'd.

COME here weak Muſe, dear Infant of my Mind,
The plaineſt Way will make thee moſt refin'd;
It is but nat'ral I ſhould wiſh thee well,
Come ſee, how far Wiſdom does Wit excell.
To poyſe thy nat'ral Quickneſs ſeek Solidity,
Know and practiſe the Laws of Equity:
For Virtue is a Crown to ſhining Parts,
See thou abhorr ſophiſticating Arts.
The Fear of GOD turns Virtue into Grace.
Hate every Action, would fair Truth deface.

In

In ſinking Time, true Grace will be a Sail;
Grace turns to Ballaſt, in too briſk a Gale.
If thou haſt Graces, call them not thine own,
For he that ſet thee up, may pull thee down.
The Church's Glory is her fruitful Head,
When he's remov'd, then all thy Glory's fled.

The Diſcord of the Vices.

WHEN I by ſtrength of Nature ſtrive
To overcome a Sin;
If I ſhould ſtrive while I have Breath,
I cannot conquer one.
But *Hydra* like, when one is cut,
Afreſh will ſeven grow:
And ſtill while carnal Motives lead,
The Matter will go ſo.
Thou, who can boaſt the greateſt Reach,
Come tell me, if thou ſaw
Such Contradiction here on Earth
As is in Satan's Law.
Sin gormandizes upon Sin,
And Luſt would luſt devour;
They ſtill conſpire and ſtill diſcord,
And will do evermore.

Soft Indolence or Cowardize
Abhors the Thirſt of Blood,
As oft miſtaken Hero's take
Brute Rage for Fortitude.
Greed ſwells at Waſt and Waſt retorts
Contempt on her again:
Theſe two are nat'ral Oppoſites
And yet they both are Sin.
Pride will not ſtoop to do a Thing,
That would reſult in Shame;
Yet has no higher Motive, than
Preſerving of her Fame.
Thus Sinners offer to themſelves
The Tribute due to GOD:
No Wonder if they loſe their Way,
Who walk in ſuch a Road.

The Harmony of the Graces.

WHEN by the Strength of Grace I ſtrive
To overcome a Sin;
When from a Motive pure and juſt,
I plot the Death of one;

It is not one I overcome,
But ſeven more that fall;
As he, who keeps the Law in one
Commandment, keeps it all.
When Love of GOD the Motive is,
It conſecrates the Act;
The Motive for our Weakneſs pleads,
And leſſens the Defect.
Faith, Hope, and Charity, do live
As girded in one Zone;
And 'tis their Generoſity,
The Virtues live upon.
Mercy and Juſtice were for Man
In JESUS made to meet.
In Heav'n no Diſcord is at all,
But calm ſerene and ſweet.

On Faith.

THOU leading Grace in the divine Proceſſion,
Thou chearing Fruit of divine Interceſſion;
Thou may be ſtyl'd the Hand of Miracle,
Thou comes by hearing of the Oracle.

Thou

Thou art the Wings, on which I upward ſoar
To view the vaſt, immenſe, eternal Shoar.
The Deeds, which by thy mighty Hand are wrought,
Surpaſs by far the Reach of common Thought.
'Twas thee perfum'd the Martyrs Sacrifice,
And made it excellent in Heavens Eyes.
Thou led the Prophet *Enoch* by the Way,
Which is not common to Humanity.
Exempt from Death, the Lot of *Adam*'s Sons,
Alive the Prophet up to Heaven comes.
Go on great Grace and ſtill victorious be,
And may it be my Happineſs to ſee
Thy Glorious Fruit grow up in Virtuous Life.
Let not my Words and Actions fall at ſtrife;
Conduct me ſafe to that eternal Coaſt,
Where I without thee can be fully bleſt.
Not in Contempt will thou deſerted be
Thou art the Pleaſure of the Deity:
But yet thou muſt metamorphoſed be,
'Ere thou can ſerve in bleſt Eternity.
In Glory, Faith will to Fruition Turn,
What was but Smoak before, pure Flames will burn.
When all the unſeen Glory lys in View,
What Work can Expectation have to do?

On

On Hope.

THOU ſweet anticipating Grace,
Thou makes us ere our Time poſſeſs,
Thou ſheds GOD's Love abroad:
Thou art the Plank on which we ſwim,
Thou art the Staff on which we lean,
On Wiſdom's pleaſant Road.

[2.]

Thou brings the Grapes of *Eſchol* here,
Thou art the Staff that doth them bear,
Unto the Wilderneſs:
Their Virtue animates the Mind,
And makes us fervently inclin'd,
The Country to poſſeſs.

[3.]

Thou takes the Giant out of ſight,
'Tis thee encourages to Fight.
For what we have in View.
The Recompenſe of great Reward,
Is Object worthy of Regard,
And worthy to purſue.

If thou retire all will be loſt,
Thy Siſters ſoon will quite their Poſt,
And leave me deſtitute.
'Tis Faith at firſt that plants the Tree,
Hope is the Bloſſoms that we ſee,
And Charity the Fruit.

On Charity.

THOU ſweet Cement of that Society,
That lives in undiſturbed Unity;
Thou art the Seal that mutual Love doth bind,
Thou ſprings from Hope, and that of pureſt Kind,
Thou fills all Heaven with a ſweet Perfume,
Thou glades the Earth, as oft as thou comes down.
Emmulous in each Seraphick Eye,
Thou doeſt the Gifts of divine Grace ſurvey.
Thou art not pain'd with Envy's ſtings at all,
Thou never Hopes to ſee another's Fall.
Thou ne'er ſuſpects another for a Foe,
Becauſe Thy ſelf to him was never ſo.
Thine Excellence thou doeſt not over rate,
Thy choiſeſt Gifts thou can communicate.

Thou art the only Grace, that can endure,
Thro'out Eternity thy Reign is ſure.
Rupture cannot approach that happy Place,
For thence is baniſht the rebellious Race.
No Saint or Angel Satan's ſteps will trace,
There is no need to pave a Way for Grace:
For Mercy is already magnified,
In the incarnat GOD her Worth was try'd.
But now that Stage of Action's taken down,
To Heaven the Hero's gone to claim his Crown;
Where Gladiators meet to ſhare the Prize,
That in the Treaſure Houſe of Glory lys.

On Preſumption.

WHOSO preſumptuouſly commits a Sin,
May ſwear, a Thouſand more will venture in:
Seducer like, ſuch Fools wax worſe and worſe,
Till they have ſinn'd away all their Remorſe.
Then Wiſdom vacant, flys the fruitful Head,
Now glowing Virtue has the Boſom fled:
Well plac'd Averſions, and well plac'd Deſires,
Out of theſe Eyes can no more ſhoot their Fires.

Then lively Oracles to ſuch are loſt,
Then grow they dreadful, like ſome haunted Ghoſt,
Worſe than the Beaſt is ſuch a Creature's State,
Whoſe higheſt Hope's to be anihilate.

On Converſion.

WITHOUT Exception not a Rule can be,
But ſure in Nature's Pow'r it cannot be,
To turn the Succeſs of the ſubtle Fiend
Into his utter Ruin in the End.
Would thou not wonder to behold a Tree,
That Summer's Thunder has of Leafs made free,
Could thou expect to ſee it bearing Fruit,
When all it's Blooms are trodden under foot.
Come here, and view the Leafleſs, Flowerleſs Tree,
Where neither Flowers nor Fruit were thought to be:
Such ſtore of Fruit did never meet my Sight,
The ſtrongeſt Boughs are breaking with it's Weight,
And yet no natural Virtue in the Tree,
All muſt aſcribed to the Gard'ner be,
Whoſe Patience lets it ſtand from Year to Year,
Who Digs and Dungs to ſee if it would bear.

The Sin that makes the Saint to hate the Snare
Does Way for high Degrees of Grace prepare,
Yet in the Time we cannot know the End,
Nor what the GOD did by the Stroak intend;
The Sp'rit, that tempted ev'ry Mind to Sin,
Did never uſher true Repentance in.
That's only owing to the Sp'rit of Grace,
Which drives out Sin by Force, to give him Place.
Let us not fly, to ſee if he will ſeek,
But rather cloſſer to his Precepts keep.

The Vulgar Eſtimate.

SAY Muſe, who gave thee Wings to fly,
What Cauſe hath blown thee up ſo high
In ſuch a private Breaſt;
Haſt thou forgot thy Native Sphere,
Thou mounts far higher in the Air,
Than Eagles build their Neſt.

[2,]

Thou ought to leave thy touring Theme
To him who does like *Creſus* ſwim
On Floods of ſhining Ore;
Or he who Ocean's Harveſt reaps,

Where all the Gemmy Treaſure's kept,
And thence derives his Store.

[3.]

Or He who ſhouts for Victory
May raiſe his Voice and Sing on high,
In him I thee admire.
Come leave it to the Sons of Fame,
'Tis only they that win a Name,
'Tis they that ſhould aſpire.

[4.]

Thy private Lot is far from fit
For ſuch uncommon Flights of Wit,
It quite Conſumes thy Time:
Had thou a Fortune opulent,
Such Strains would be thy Ornament,
But here they are a Crime.

(5.)

In thee's the Mark, in whom all Arrows meet,
Whoſe Cup long ſince has loſt the taſte of Sweet,
Whom adverſe Blaſts in Youth hath turn'd to Stone,
Left like a Turtle on the Earth alone,
Much like a ſingle Seed upon the Earth;
The half of that methinks might Check thy Mirth.

The impartial Law of God in Nature.

BY Way of Inſult thou inquires at me,
Who firſt it was that gave me Wings to fly?
He, who had Power to place me on a Throne,
Thought fit to place me on a Vale alone;
Yet gave me Wings, by which I might aſpire
To light my Lamp at the Celeſtial Fire.
Tell thou, my Hand it might become a Ring,
My Neck might ſeem more graceſull by a Chain.
Deformity is oft oblidg'd to dreſs,
Paint ſeems to mend the Ruins of a Face.
But neither Earth nor Sea could ought impart,
That e're could raiſe the Ruins of a Heart.
All *Creſus* Riches could not buy a Muſe,
Nor give me inward Light fit Theme to chuſe;
Nor interprizing *Ceſar*'s Lot on Earth
Could give me Cauſe to boaſt of heavenly Birth.
The Law of Nature is the ſame in all,
In ſuch a Caſe a Talent is a Call.
What do I owe to ought below the Sun,
My Worth does in a different Channel run.

The Cauſe of my Creation was as high,
As his who does an earthly Scepter ſway,
Out of the Duſt he ſprung as well as I,
No more than I can he *Atropos* Fly.
His Soul deſcended from the ſpotleſs Clime
Of pure Etherial Subſtance, ſo did mine.
One Rule of Life was given to us both,
As early I engag'd as he by Oath.
I am as free as he to gain the Prize,
Of the unblamiſht ſpotleſs Sacrifice.
No more than he can I with Laws diſpenſe,
As much as he do I abhorr Offence.
The loweſt Claſs that is below the Sun,
True Faith and Virtue puts Reſpect upon,
'Tis better to adorn a private Lot,
Than be to ſhining Eminence a Blot.

On the 19th *Pſalm.*

SHALL ſouleſs Sun his Task fulfill
Of driving round the Globe:
Shall Nature's Works inanimate
Declare the Power of GOD?

(2.)

Shall silent Time his Praiſes ſing
Without the Help of Art,
And conſcious beings not a Sign
Of Gratitude impart?

[3.]

Shall Sun rejoice, and Bridegroom like
Go forth with all his Train,
And Man ungrateſull ſtay at Home,
In Token of Diſdain?

[4.]

Muſt all the moving Spheres go round,
His Wonders to proclaim?
Theſe keep the Laws, his Wiſdom made
Unto the Starry Frame.

[5.]

And muſt the ſpotleſs Rules of Life
Both humane and divine,
In which the Majeſty of GOD
Conſpicuouſly doth ſhine,

[6.]

Be overlookt by humane Kind,
Who boaſt diſcerning Powers,
And not a Moments Time obtain
Of all their leiſure Hours.

Although

[7.]

Although their Intreſt it ſecures,
And frees their Fame from Spots;
Nay more, it magnifies the Mind
Above indecent Plots.

[8.]

It's efficacious Power can make
The Soul that's dead in Sin,
To flouriſh, and a ſecond Crop
Of Fruit to bear again.

[9.]

And ſhall the uncorrupted Fruit
Of Life be laid aſide,
And *Ephraim*'s rotten Fruit preferr'd,
The groſs Reſult of Pride.

[10.]

Such Perſons in the Law of GOD
Pick up what they love beſt.
They chuſe a Precept here and there,
And leave out all the reſt.

[11.]

By which 'tis plain, 'tis not at all
The Author they regard,
But that their Eyes are fix'd upon
Some temporal Reward.

[12.]

It ſpeaks their Fame, their higheſt Aim,
The Idol they adore;
But Fame will leave them Pilotleſs
On the eternal Shore.

[13.]

Shall Heathens dread an Idol God,
Whoſe Rage they never felt?
And ſhall his Pow'r be overlookt,
Who makes the Mountains melt?

[14.]

Muſt Idol Worſhip be obſerv'd
With ſo much Pomp and Form,
And Chriſtians take no Care at all,
Religion to adorn?

[15.]

For ſhame, why ſhould the ſacred Seal
Be left upon thy Face?
Doſt thou aſſume the Chriſtian Name,
It's Author to Diſgrace?

[16.]

And ſhall a Pagan thee Eclipſe,
Who haſt the Rules of Life,
And every Day produce ſome new
Effect of Fraud and Striſe.

On the 23d, Pſalm.

THE LORD JEHOVAH is my Swain,
He brings me to his Fold;
His rural Weeds adorn me more,
Than Crowns of ſhining Gold.

[2.]

He feeds me in a fertile Vale,
Where Food and Phyſick grows;
And for my Drink, the living Spring
Of real Pleaſure flows.

[3.]

Whoſe ſweet inliv'ning Influence
My fainting Soul revives;
And unto each decaying Grace
New Life and Vigor gives.

[4.]

And when I from his Precepts ſtray,
And loſe my ſelf in Sin;
My tender Shepherd finds me out,
And brings me back again.

(5)

Can Death affright, whom he protects,
Who Death in Triumph led?

Whoſe

Whoſe Purchaſe turns the chilling Grave
To a refreſhful Bed.

[6.]

When by Death's Thruſt we turn to duſt,
He quells the Tyrant's Rage.
His Mercy is it ſelf a Staff,
To prop declining Age.

[7.]

Ev'n from the Cottage to the Court
JEHOVAH did me bring,
And chang'd my Shepherd's Staff into
The Scepter of a King.

[8.]

He furniſht me with Conduct too
To act the Prince's Part;
As if I from my Infancy
Were trained up by Art.

[9.]

In ſpight of all mine Enemies,
He cloathed me in State;
Nor did he leave me in the Hands
Of ſuch as did me hate.

(10.)

But ſpread my Table in the ſight
Of all mine Enemies,

And feaſted me with Rich Repaſt
Of choice Varieties.

[11.]

In token of Reſpect my Head
He did with Oil anoint,
And ov'r Iſrael's forces me,
As General did appoint.

[12.]

To crown my Service in the Field,
He brought me home again,
That I to all Eternity
Might with himſelf remain.

[13.]

His Mercy and his Goodneſs both
To me he hath made ſure,
The Cov'nant he hath made with me,
For ever ſhall endure.

(14.)

And tho' extinct to humane Eyes
My Line may ſeem to be,
I'll have a Son upon the Throne
Thro'out Eternity.

On the 23d, Pſalm.

WHEN the Creator is the Swain,
How can created Things diſdain

To feed in Grace's Field,
When with ſuch lovely Flowers adorn'd;
When ev'ry Plant his Hand hath form'd,
Doth Food and Phyſick yield.

(2.)

His Herbs do beſt refine the Blood,
His Grain's the moſt delicious Food
To ev'ry ſp'ritual Taſte.
His Bounty gave the purling Stream,
His Pow'r muſt lead us to the ſame
To quench tormenting Thirſt.

(3.)

His Wiſdom form'd the glaſſie Brook,
So clear and calm that one may look
As in a fixed Mirrour;
And there behold intrinſick Spots,
His Origin or actual Blots,
His ſeen or ſecret Error.

(4.)

What Mortal can deſpiſe theſe Rules,
Without which all the wiſe are Fools,
The greateſt cannot boaſt.
That ever felt the Weight of State,
Or ſat upon a Judgement Seat,
I build not at his Coaſt.

(5.)

No equal Sentence ever came

Out of the Mouth of ſinfull Man,
But what he Authoriz'd.
'Twas he, to keep the World in aw,
That made the uncorrupted Law,
By *Moſes* compendiz'd.

(6.)

Indeed ſome Pagans ſeem to me
Accompliſh'd to a high Degree,
Without that written Book:
But it was written on the Heart,
When to diſcover divine Art
Its Author undertook.

(7.)

The laſt extent of humane Art
Is but a Commentator's Part,
The Subject comes from Heaven:
Yet ſure 'tis a refin'd Delight
To meditate both Day and Night
On what the GOD has given.

(8.)

His Mercy did a Staff provide
Of ſomething ſtronger than a Reed
For ſupport on the Road.
His Bounty gave the Horn of Oil,
To recompenſe the Hero's Toil,
That's zealous for his GOD.

[9.]

His Presence paints the Shades of Death;
When Saints are taking leave of Breath,
He meets them in the Dark:
And with his pure celestial Lamp,
He lights the Hero from the Camp
Unto his fixed Mark.

[10.]

That all his elect Sons may see
The great Creator's Clemency;
And with united Voice,
And with united Hearts proclaim
His Deeds, that won unrival'd Fame,
And in his Love rejoice.

Times Pleasures imperfect.

TELL me, my Muse, can thou stay here
Among created Things?
Doest thou not see, like *Icarus*,
They mount on borrow'd Wings?

[2.]

They ride upon the Wings of Time.
More swift than any Post;

To Day thou haſt them in thy View,
To Morrow they are loſt.

[3.]

The very natural Elements
Amongſt themſelves make War;
Among the paſſive Things below
What ſtrange Commotions are!

(4.)

The Fire commences War with Earth,
And oft her Fruit deſtroy,
And by a peſtilential Blaſt
How many Thouſands dy.

(5.)

And if his Wiſdom did not lay
Upon the Floods Reſtraints,
They would, as general Factors, come
To gather Nature's Rents.

(6.)

Haſt thou found out a Friend below,
Above the Reach of Change?
The very Law of Nature breaks,
And neareſt Kin grow ſtrange.

(7.)

Stay then, my Muſe, my Darling *Ruth*,
Keep faſt in *Booze's* Field;

His Gleanings will enough to thee
For Suſtentation yield.

(8.)

He ſcatters Handfulls with Deſign,
His Hand he opens wide;
None, that his faithfull Servants are,
Will ever thee deride.

(9.)

Thy forfeited Inheritance
He will himſelf Redeem;
He hath already ſhed his Blood,
To expiate thy Crime:

(10.)

The Father could not buy it back,
To make it ſure to thee,
Becauſe his Juſtice by the ſame
In Queſtion call'd would be.

(11)

But he hath put it in the Hands
Of his eternal Son;
In whom his Juſtice is appeas'd,
And thou an Heir become.

(12)

Thou lives upon the Intreſt here,
The Stock grows ne're the leſs;
Nor is thy Fortune ought impair'd,
For all thou do'ſt poſſeſs.

On Aſtrea.

ASTREA, Why ſo pale and ſad,
Why ſo plainly Dreſt?
Why upon the jovial Plain
Shunned by all the reſt.

[2.]

For a Garland of freſh Flowers
Why a Pair of Scales?
Thou art not yet above the Sky
Where Equity prevails.

[3.]

Put that rigid Aſpect off
Suit thee to the Time.
All the Conſtellations, here
Are valued as they ſhine.

[4.]

Rather let me, Phenix like,
Live on Earth alone;
Till by Nature's Courſe I fly
To meet that glorious Sun.

(5.)

Whoſe radient Beams will touch my Wings
With Pure celeſtial Fire;

Which

Which ſhall to endleſs Ages burn,
Yet never ſhall aſpire.

[6.]

Lament thou not, becauſe thine Eyes
Shall ſee no Son of mine;
I'll flouriſh thro' Eternity,
Like *Jove* in ſpight of Time.

The Baptiz'd Aethiſt.

BY Natural Line I came,
And of my ſelf I grow,
And all my Virtue to my ſelf I ow.
I form my ſelf to every different Taſte,
I'm lov'd among the worſt as well as beſt,
Nor in my Principles do I ſeem odd,
To ſeem above a Beaſt, I own a GOD.
I take my ſhare of every ſacred Rite,
And yet I hope to be anihilate.

On divine Love.

THOU great Compend of both our Laws,
Redemption's pure unmixed Cauſe,
What do we owe to thee?

Our higheſt flights are far too low
For what to thy Effects we owe
From all Eternity.

[2.]

Thou ſeparates Saints from ſinfull Duſt,
And ranked them among the Juſt,
To ſhare the glorious Prize.
Thou made our outward Man compleat,
By Pow'r and Wiſdom infinite
To heighten our ſurprize.

[3.]

Thou made the thinking Powers of Man,
And lodg'd them in his earthen Frame,
As its Inhabitant
Which ought to be employ'd in good,
Till they be waſted o're the Flood,
There to reign Triumphant.

[4.]

Love pitch'd upon the humane Race,
And made for them the Act of Grace;
Yet left the Angels out,
Tho' of a Nature more ſublime,
Who have no Clog of Joint or Limb,
Or Blood to bear about.

(5.)

No Sword could wound,

No Pain could ſwoon,
No Death make theſe expire,
Who next to Self exiſtant ſtood
In the divine Empire.

[6.]

But he a lower Order took,
And the Angelick Rank forſook,
He made his Glory ſhine,
Upon the Earth thro' humane Form;
And in our Nature bear the Storm
Due to the Elect's Crime.

(7.)

Love drew the Heir of all Things down,
Love made him change his radient Crown
For that of peircing Thorn.
Love made him leave th' Angelick Quire,
Who did with Rev'rence him admire,
For Sinners Flouts and Scorn.

[8.]

Love made him leave th' Eternal Throne,
To ſtay within a Virgins Womb,
Till Nature's Time was full.
Love ſent him in the Infant ſtate,
Love ſent the Angels to relate
The Tidings of good Will.

[9.]

Love baniſh'd him like an exile

From *Paleſtine* to live on *Nile*,
To ſojourn there unknown;
At Whoſe Approach each Oracle
To his Conſulters cry'd Farewell,
I muſt of Force be gone.

[10.]

Pure Love ſubjected him to Law,
Whoſe Pow'r kept all the World in Aw;
Love turned to a Youth,
The Ancient of eternal Days,
Who Heaven's eternal Scepter ſways,
Who made the Laws of Truth.

[11.]

Love rob'd him of refreſhful Sleep,
Love him expos'd to Cold and Heat,
Extreme of every Kind;
That he might take away our Droſs,
Might give us a more laſting Gloſs,
To render us refin'd.

[12.]

Love made him leave his Father's Court,
And for a Seaſon to reſort
To an ungratfull Field;
Which neither Barly, Corn, nor Wheat,
Nor any Grain, that's fit to eat,
Would to its owner yield.

[13.]

Love ſent his Miniſters away,
And left him in Temptation's Way,
To an inſulting Fiend;
Who thought his Conqueſt now compleat,
When JESUS nothing had to eat,
No Servant to attend.

[14.]

When plac'd upon a Mountain high,
Where he exactly might ſurvey
All Joys below the Sun;
Both Honour, Empire, Wealth, and Wit,
And all that Men think requiſite
For ſuch a mighty one.

[15.]

Love made him to renounce his Claim,
To Honour, Empire, Wealth and Fame,
To make his Saints renoun'd;
Love turn'd Contempt upon theſe Joys
Love kept his Eye upon the Joys
Of ſeeing Mankind crown'd.

[16.]

Love plac'd him on a Pinacle,
Yet far more dang'rous than the Hill,
From thence to throw him down;

That every tempted Soul might ſee,
Temptation muſt from Sin be free
In GOD's eternal Son.

(17.)

Love turn'd to Blood his natural Sweat,
That he might make his Sons compleat;
Love made him wade the Brook,
That he might bring his Iſrael thro'
To that *Canaan*, they had in View,
Which he by Conqueſt took.

(18.)

Love check'd his divine Eloquence,
Love made him bear with all Offence,
Although the King of Kings.
Love made him bear the heavy Load
Of Wrath, that was impos'd by GOD,
Which Sin on Sinners brings.

(19.)

Love give him up to *Pilat*'s Hands,
Love ſtript him to the *Roman* Bands,
Love rack'd him on the Croſs,
Love laid him in the ſilent Grave,
That he might Save the Life he gave,
And make up *Adam*'s Loſs.

(20.)

Love's Advocate in Heavens Court,

Love goes not there with ill Report,
As *Satan* did of *Job*.
'Tis Love that expiats our Crime,
'Tis Love ſends down both Muſe and Theme
To Mankind on the Road,

(21.)

Love lean'd on the divine Exile,
Who baniſh'd into *Patmo's* Iſle
Did ſoar to ſuch a Height,
As tries the greateſt *Grecian* Sage;
Had *Solon* liv'd till *Neſtor's* Age,
He had not match'd the Flight.

(22.)

On Nature's Wings,
Which ſeldom ſings
Of ought above the Sun,
How dull they paint eternal Joys
In their Elyſium!

(23)

A natural Feaſt,
When Nature's Taſte
Is left behind on Earth,
Would ſtarve the pining Intellect,
For Want of Theme for Mirth.

(24.)

Lo here's a Theme, will raiſe thy Fame,

If thou wants to aſpire;
The more thou pores on divine Love,
The more thou wilt admire.

(25.)

For all the Knowledge thou may ſeem
To have on Earth below;
Thou'lt find it but a little Thing,
To what the Angels know,

(26.)

In Heaven the Maſs of divine Love
Is drawn ſo vaſtly large,
The greateſt Soul while here below
It's Weight would overcharge.

(27.)

For which long Time the Viſion may
Not here with Mortals ſtay,
Leſt by the Weight of Glory, it
Should break the Houſe of Clay!

[28.]

Who can deſcribe this Love's Effects?
Who but a Monſter e're rejects
The Offers of his Grace?
Who ſees himſelf, but muſt admire
That ever the celeſtial Fire
Did ſhine on *Adam*'s Race.

(29.

He makes his Temple in a Wood,

Perhaps

Perhaps where *Satan*'s Chapple ſtood,
And yet accepts the Gift;
Whilſt thoſe that ſeem'd within the Fence
Are left to the falſe Light of Senſe,
Of real Grace bereft.

(30.)

What Pity is't thy Name is us'd
To varniſh o're a Crime?
What Pity thou art proſtitute
To ev'ry falſe Deſign?

(31.)

Who in thy Self art good and great,
Who art in the eternal Seat
The leading Cauſe of all;
Who never could a Bluſh produce,
Till Satan did our Sire reduce
To Bondage, Grief, and Thrall.

(32.)

Thou doeſt debaſe thy Origin,
When thou doeſt fix upon a Sin,
To harbour it in Peace.
Haſt thou forgot th' Angelick Quire,
Whoſe Muſick thou did once admire,
Whoſe laſting Theme is Grace.

On Hatred.

IF thou by Nature wert a Sin,
Thou could not have a Place within
His conſecrated Breaſt,
In whom Zeal and ſacred Love,
As in their natural Spheres did move,
And yet had fixed Reſt.

(2.)

If thou can ſpend thy Shafts on Vice,
Thou art converted into Grace,
We cannot thee Condemn;
But when thou ſpends thy Shafts on Grace,
Thou turns thy ſelf into a Vice,
And juſtly ſuffers Blame.

(3.)

Doeſt thou not bluſh, to ſee thy ſelf a Sin,
Who to the Virtues art ſo near a Kin,
Whoſe ſacred Sword ſhould never quite the Sheath,
But when it means a Virtue to relive.
What brought thee out on *Abel* in the Field?
That Seed Time did a horrid Harveſt yield.
Theſe purple Seeds, which then on Earth were ſown,

Has ſince in many a bloody Murther grown.
Thou boaſts a Vain for Fighting; be it ſo,
Beſides a Brother one might find a Foe.
Thou ſhould have ſtay'd till thou had found a Cauſe,
Which to defend had brought thee ſome Aplauſe;
But this hath turn'd thy Glory into Shame,
And fix'd a laſting Odium on thy Name.
What brought thee out in *Saul*, to hunt a Friend,
Who did his beſt, his Honour to defend;
Whoſe Sword was at his Service ever ſtill,
Who flew on Wings his Purpoſe to fulfill,
Whoſe Name was ſacred for Heroick Deeds,
Whoſe Conduct Friendſhip even in Rivals Breeds.
What brought thee to the Field in *Abſalom*,
To do ſuch Deeds as did reſult in Shame,
To vex the beſt and braveſt Man on Earth,
To whom he ow'd his Breeding and his Birth.
Nay more, what bred thee in an Angels Breaſt?
Who was of perfect Happineſs poſſeſs'd,
To ſpend thine Arrows on the Prince of Peace,
Whoſe Glory is the potent Reign of Grace.
Thou drew a Part of the Angelick Quire
Down to a Lake of never quenched Fire.
'Twas that, which ſent thee fugitive to Hell,
Among the raging Furies there to dwell.
I am inform'd by one who will not lie,

That all the Plagues of Hell were hatch'd by thee.
Like *Cadmus* Teeth, thou ſoweſt the Seeds of ſtrife,
To blaſt the Pleaſures of the humane Life.
Thou fir'd the Breaſt of all the *Sanhedrin*,
Thou made all *Bethelem* with Blood to ſwim,
Thou laid King *Solomon*'s glorious Temple waſte;
Nay, all *Jeruſalem* ſuffer'd by the blaſt.
Thy Clamour ſhock'd the timerous Judge's Ear,
Whoſe Conſcience ſuffered by the pannick Fear,
Thou ſeal'd the Saviour up in hewen Stone,
Thou ſet a Watch his glorious Corps upon.
No Wonder if he mock'd your feeble Power;
Juſt ſuch a vain Attempt as *Babel*'s Tower.
Could ought that he created keep him down?
No, in Deſpight of thee he mounts the Throne.
Hatred indeed of an aſpiring Kind,
Which was not to a private Man confin'd,
But at the all preſerving LORD of Life,
Thou loſt thy Wings in the inglorious Strife.
Call up thy *Herod*, now reduc'd to Duſt,
Cry to thy *Ceſar*, Object of thy Truſt;
They ſtand before his Bar as private Men,
And are convinc'd e're now, their Plots were vain.
Hate Sin, and call thy Arrows from the Juſt,
Why ſhould a Virtue make it ſelf a Luſt?

On Joy.

THOU art a Triumph of the Mind,
Yet not the more for that refin'd,
But as thy Motive's juſt.
A Joy will blow thee up at firſt,
As eaſily thou art ſuppreſt,
And level'd with the Duſt.

[2.]

When thou before the Ark can dance,
And with a gracefull Train advance,
Before the coming Law:
When thou at Envy's Flouts can ſmile,
And check with ſcorn, *Satanick* Wiles,
Thy Pleaſure's mix'd with Aw.

[3.]

Thou muſt be own'd of heavenly Birth,
Thou had thy Being, long e're Earth,
Time wanted Wings to fly.
Old *Chaos* lay in ſable Night,
Proud *Satan* had not made his Flight,
Thy Triumph to deſtroy.

[4.]

When thou in the eternal Court

Did leave in moſt majeſtick ſort
From all Eternity;
When GOD the Father view'd the Son,
In whom the filial GOD-HEAD ſhone,
Thou didſt thy Harp employ.

(5.)

But ſince thou to the World came down,
O how depraved art thou grown!
Thy Nature is eſtrang'd.
Thou canſt divert thy ſelf with Toys,
Which Thou for far ſublimer Joys
Ridic'louſly haſt chang'd.

[6.]

If thou can ſhun a common Crime,
'Tis purely in Regard to Fame,
Haſt thou no more in View?
Thou lets thy gracefull Intellect
O'regrow with Weeds by thy Neglect,
As Sluggards uſe to do.

(7.)

Moralitie's the higheſt Pitch;
If thou haſt that thou think'ſt thee Rich,
Where wilt thou go at Death?
If thou on the eternal Coaſt
In dull Oblivion were loſt,
And all were gone with Breath,

[8.]

I could not blame thee to adorn
Thy outward Man, and ſtudy Form,
Yet overlook thy Mind;
Which is the never dying Part
Kept in Repair by divine Art,
Which Grace makes moſt refin'd.

[9.]

Yet am not I ſo rigid grown,
That I would have thee quite diſown
All Pleaſures here on Earth.
There's many an Object innocent,
May contribute to thy Content,
And miniſter to Mirth.

[10.]

But let them take their juſt Degree,
And run not to Intenſity,
For there it grows a Sin:
Altho' the Object worthy be
Yet thou mayſt Err in the Degree,
'Tis there the Fault creeps in.

[11.]

No Doubt, but Heaven has deſign'd
The Propagation of our Kind
By ſuch a charming Chain

Of Cauſes, which as is obſerv'd,
The humane Sexes have preſerv'd,
To mitigate our Pain.

[12.]

Firſt we to Parent's Laws ſubmit,
Next at maturer Years are knit
In holy Wedlock's Bands:
Hence comes the hopefull Progeny,
Which to enhance the Parents Joy
do wait their juſt Commands.

[13.]

What makes tranſported Fathers ſtare
Upon the Objects of their Care?
From whence thou charming Flame
Of pure Affection doeſt thou riſe,
And revel in the Parents Eyes,
At hearing of their Name?

[14.]

What makes the raviſh'd Mother gaze
On dawning Reaſon in Amaze,
Quite dazled with it's Beams?
What makes the toilſom Hours to fly
What turns their Labour into Joy,
But Intreſt in their Veins?

[15.]

What breeds the filial Reverence,

That charming Fear to give Offence,
That moſt engageing Dreed:
What breeds the reciprocal Flame,
That would requite the Parents Pain,
From what can it proceed?

[16.]

From what but ſenſe of Benefits,
Which every generous Soul requites,
If it be in their Power;
If the Intention be reſtrain'd,
The generous Debtor is more pain'd
Than is his Creditor.

[17.]

All this was given to Man on Earth,
As pure Incentives to his Mirth,
But in their juſt Degree;
But that tranſgreſs'd, it turns to Sin,
Our Nature's Glory turns to Shame,
And Infelicity.

On Grief.

HARK! gentle Grief, if thou be well directed,
Thou wilt amongſt the wiſeſt be reſpected.
Although thou be a Weakneſs of the Mind,
A generous Motion argues thee refin'd.
When for the Loſs of ſome intrinſick Worth
In ſtorms of Sighs and Tears thou ſallies forth,
Thou can not miſs to touch a generous Heart;
But then thou muſt be real, free of Art.
Or when that publick Spirit blows the Fire,
Which made Old *Eli*'s Daughter to expire,
Thou can not miſs to be immortaliz'd,
Whom ſenſe of Real Loſs has ſacrific'd.
But I will quite the tow'ring Eagle's Flight,
Amongſt the little Birds on Shrubs I'll light:
From thence I'll view the State of every Breaſt,
Of what the Great and Small are both poſſeſs'd.
Doeſt thou lament ſome graceſull Partener,
Who could with ſteady Mind all Events bear,
Juſtly the Object of Eſteem and Love:
(A Shock like this the greateſt Mind would move)
One who to thee in Sickneſs as in Health,

Stood

Stood in more Steed than all the World's Wealth;
To whom thy Charms did every Day ſeem new,
Whoſe Love no other Object had in View;
Thy Toils in Youth who did in Age requite,
And in declining Years could take Delight
In thy Remains of Beauty tho' but ſmall,
Becauſe thy Blooms did on his Service fall:
Methinks I hear that wounded Widow cry,
What meant my Darling by ſo ſhort a Stay!
When we were ſent to ſojourn on the Globe,
He undertook to guard me on the Road.
No Strand or Stream in all the Maze of Life,
But he could Wade or Swim with me his Wife;
But ere the middle of our pleaſing Range
Came the unwiſh'd for unexpected Change:
Death ſnatch'd my lovely Guardian from my ſide,
Now who can I employ to be my Guide!
Thou ſpeaks as if thou valued him too much,
Thy ſpeech upon the Wiſeſt caſts Reproach:
Thou cannot miſs a Guide upon the Road,
While thou haſt Acceſs to the Law of GOD.
Doeſt thou lament a Daughter or a Son,
Whoſe Threed was cut when it was hardly ſpun?
Thy Picture by the GOD of Nature drawn,
Whoſe Reaſon Death o'reclowded in the Dawn.
Of whom thou haſt no Hiſtory to write,
But that the dear Idea haunts thy Sight,

Sports with Imagination all the Day,
Which Midnight Darkneſs cannot force away,
But even in Dreams thou wilt the Shadow keep.
Whilſt Subſtance in the chilling Grave does ſleep.
Or was thy Son arriv'd at ſuch an Age,
That he cou'd perſonate thee on the Stage,
Had trac'd thee almoſt thro' the Maze of Life,
Had left his Nurſe and Tutor for a Wife;
Of whom thou ſaweſt a numerous Progeny,
As thy rejoicing Father ſaw of thee,
To whom thou might thy hidden Cares impart,
Now perfect Maſter of the thinking Art,
To whoſe extended View did level ly
Almoſt all thou couldſt meet below the Sky;
Whoſe Mind to thee in Childhood was a Soil,
Wherein to labour was a charming Toil,
Where Seeds of Learning ſown with both Conſents
Sprung up with Years in ſolid Sentiments;
Vers'd in the ſocial as the filial Law,
Knew where to Rule and where to ſtand in Aw,
Who was a Crown to thy declining Years,
And added Luſtre to thy ſilver Hairs,
Whoſe Conduct was an Ornament to thine,
In whom thou might to future Ages ſhine:
Thou doeſt not only here lament a Son,
But thou may ſay thy filial Friend is gone!
Or is thy hopefull Daughter call'd away,

E're ſhe the laſt Reſpects to thee could pay,
Whoſe Youth gave Hopes ſhe might thy ſelf ſurvive,
In ſuch a Caſe thou can not chuſe but grieve:
Or has thy aged Sire dropt off the Stage,
And fall'n a Victim to that Tyrants Rage,
Who acts the Leveler in every Part,
Whoſe Rage was never ſooth'd by humane Art!
'Tis very natural in the ſad Retreat
To trace thy Life back to the infant State;
From thence to view th' indulgent Parent's Cares,
The Arts he us'd to free thy Life from Snares.
'Tis like a marble Statue not to ſmart,
When Death has cut a Vein ſo near the Heart:
Such Things do every Day to Grief give Cauſe,
As all are Subjects born to Nature's Laws.
On ſuch accounts Grief may be tolerate,
Providing that it's Reign be moderate:
But when thou takes the Field with all that Train,
Which gives the brittle Fabrick ſo much Pain:
Perhaps to mourn ſome worthleſs Animal,
Or to regrate ſome ſenſeleſs Idols Fall:
Some careleſs Servant puts thee in a Frett,
Perhaps ſome Ruſtick's Viſite breeds thee Pett.
For ſuch like Toys the Rule of Reaſon's loſt,
Methinks thou Sells it at too ſmall a Coſt,
The humane Nature GOD has plac'd between

Thet

The grov'ling Brute and winged Seraphim.
It is a ſhame below our Kind to ſtoop,
More Glory 'tis to imitate the Top.

On *Abel.*

OH Fatall Envy early on the Stage!
Oh why at true Devotion in ſuch Rage?
Abel to *Cain* an emulous Rival ſeems,
Tho' Rivalſhip was none of *Abel*'s Aims.
Abel's approv'd, becauſe in Heart ſincere,
And hollow *Cain* frown'd off with Threats ſevere.
Cain was not only of all Grace bereſt,
But he had not a Spark of Nature left,
Or he had not attempt'd to ſhed his Blood,
Whoſe laſt Offence was that of being good.
What dire Preſumption can inſpire ſuch Rage,
As with Omnipotence a War to wage!
To wound GOD thro' his righteous Favourite,
And mock the Canon he 'gainſt Murther ſet.
So here the Church we firſt ſee militant,
Who ſince that Time her Foes did never want.
Theſe jarring Intreſts always will contend,
Untill this State of Tryal haye an End.

On *Enoch* and *Noah*.

LO! here the firſt of Seers does begin
To tell the World the Conſequence of Sin.
Tho' very few what he predicts believe,
Or Credit to his Revelation give;
Here he aloud proclaims the dire Deluge,
Yet few or none were mov'd to ſeek Refuge.
Tho' GOD by Plagues ſhould viſit every Vice,
And puniſh thoſe that did his Laws Deſpiſe.
Only juſt *Noah* built himſelf an Ark,
To ſave his Race, an Helmleſs, Oarleſs Bark:
Therein he truſts his all without a Sail,
And neither hopes nor fears to meet a Gale.
Compaſs or Card, or Mariner had none,
And yet without the Uſe of both came home.
Faith was his Anchor, and where ſhou'd it drop
But in almighty Power, ſure ground of Hope.
Hope to Fruition in GOD's Time was brought,
And righteous *Noah* obtain'd the Reſt he ſought.
Upon *Arrarat*'s Top he found a Shoar,
There thankfully he did his GOD adore.
Him ſafely landed on firm Ground we ſee,

Who would not land his Cargoe Cuſtom free,
But brings his Tribute unto Heaven's King,
Who did him to dry Land in ſafety bring;
Erects an Altar gratefully to Heaven,
By whom the Priviledge of his Trade was given.
Now *Noah*'s rich enough to leave the Sea,
Now he begins a Husband-man to be,
Poſſeſſor of a ſpacious Field at firſt,
No leſs than all the Ground that GOD had curſt.
His Sons aſſiſt him in manuring Toil,
And help to labour the well watred Soil:
Here do they plant in Spring, in Harveſt reap.
Here do they plant the Vine Sire to the Grape;
Thank Offering frequent on their Altar lyes,
Thick up aſcends the Smoak of Sacrifice,
Like grateſull Odours to our Sleepleſs Guide,
Who lib'rally does for his Prieſts provide.
Then GOD protects that the imperious Flood
Should ne're get looſe as long as Nature ſtood,
Nor, Rebel like, uſurp o're Earth again,
Yet Earth ſhould have a Competence of Rain.
This Cov'nant he confirmed by an Oath,
That he would never any more be wroth,
So as at once to kill all humane Kind;
Well was he verſt in ſecrets of their Mind;
Imaginations vicious light and vain

Did the whole Race of fallen *Adam* ſtain,
For a Memorial of his Covenant,
The Rain-bow ſtill before the Shower is ſent.
The Oral Law he plac'd in *Noah*'s Hand,
The moſt of which firm to this Day doth ſtand,
And teſtified *Noah* had no equal here,
For Wiſdom founded on his Maker's Fear,
But mark what flows from Want of pious Care,
How Want of thought draws Mankind in a Snare.
Old *Noah* merry on a certain Time
Was unadvertantly o'recome with Wine,
Which in his Brain ſuch dire Diſorder bred,
That at the Noiſe his frighted Reaſon fled,
And left him in Confuſion worſe than Dead;
And in this diſmal dark Eclipſe he lay,
Expos'd within the Tent, nor ſcap'd the Eye
Of Man, but was diſcovered by his Son:
Ham tells his Brethren, they the Object ſhun,
Shem turns his back upon his Fathers Sin,
And hates the ſtains of his own Origine;
Wiſe *Japhet* cannot look upon the Spot,
Which tends ſo oft the Memory to rot.
The ſhame of Sin from Sire to Son deſcends,
And with the Generation never ends.
Ham brings a Curſe on his ſucceeding Race,
Who ſtrove not to conceal the vile Diſgrace.

Prophetick Bleſſings crown the Head of *Shem*,
And *Japhet* is allow'd to ſhare with him.
Thus Heaven rewards their filial Piety,
Inſtructing Patterns to Poſterity.

On *Jonathan* and *David*.

LO! here two paſſive friendly Rivals dwell,
Who did the deareſt Friends in Earth excell;
Whoſe Love eclips'd the fondeſt Female's Flame,
And adds a brighter Luſter to their Name.
The firſt claims Right to Rule by royal Blood,
The ſecond only by his being good:
The firſt got Education as a Prince,
The ſecond only verſt in ſelf Defence;
Unknown at firſt he goes to ſee the Fight,
And yet e're he return'd he took the Weight
Of *Iſrael*'s Glory on his youthfull Head,
And came not back untill the Foe was Dead;
Whoſe Sword and Spear and long learn'd Art of War
Could nought avail him, when he was come there;
With a ſling Stone young *David* ends his Life,
And freed the *Hebrew* from *Philiſtian* ſtriſe.
Back from the Combate as our Hero came,
The Praiſes of the Crowd came all on him:

The thoughtleſs Sex too apt to ſpeak their Mind
Were not by Compliſance to *Saul* confin'd,
But in their Tranſports blew ſo high a Blaſt,
As him expos'd to Envy at the laſt;
Which *Argos* like, with many an Eye throughout
To plot his Ruin, ſhot their Fire about:
Yet Envy never touch'd that Prince's Mind,
Which was to more Heroick Acts inclin'd.
He could reſign his Scepter and his Crown
And to a Shepherd lay his Intreſt down,
Becauſe he ſaw in him all that was fit
To make the Judge the Saint and Patriot.
His Conduct bred that reciprocal Flame,
Which renders ſo refin'd King *David*'s Name:
Who from his Heart laments his Rival Friend,
Nor did theſe Rivals for a Crown contend.
Has Death ſpent all the Stock of royal Blood,
Have I no Object left for Gratitude!

DAVID's Gratitude.

Had I but one of all the Houſe of *Saul*,
I would forget that e're he ſought my Fall:
To him I would repay theſe Acts of Love,
Which did the Height of admiration move.
Can *Jonathan* with me be ſoon forgot,
Or will I let his grateſull Mem'ry rot:

Methinks

Methinks I ſee him in the open Field;
Did ever Nature ſuch a Hero yield
To me a Shepherd born, to wear his Crown!
Nor was the ſecret to himſelf unknown.
He ſtript him of his Armour and his Robe,
He left not ſuch a Friend in all the Globe.
O! with what meekneſs did he condeſcend
To live with me, like any private Friend!
He would have been a Pillar to my Crown,
But Death alaſs too early cut him down!

DAVID's Clemency.

See! how he kills the Foe, and ſpares the Man
By Wiſdom founded on the trueſt Plan.
Within a Cave under the Reign of Night,
When Deeds of Cruelty are hid from Light,
The Robe of Cruel *Saul* his Foe he cut,
When he as eaſily might reach'd his Throat.
Thus he convinc'd him by a ſparing Hand,
How far he was from Foe, how near a Friend;
And then he with his uſeual Greatneſs fell
To chide the Guards that watcht the King ſo ill.
Saul overcome with Kindneſs, back returns,
Tho' in his Breaſt the killing Preſage burns,
King *David* is not qualifi'd to Fight
Only, but he can Judge of Cauſes right.
When of that Graceleſs, hopeleſs Houſe of *Saul*

One ſingle Man was left, and that was all,
Whoſe feeble Power his partial Friends behold,
And ſoon take Umbrage, all Deſigns unfold:
Nor 'tis enough to leave this wretched Prince,
But their own Hands commit the laſt Offence;
A helpleſs impotent ſtretcht on his Bed
(Sure common Honour from theſe Ruffians fled)
Aſleep they Murther, bear away his Head,
And for their Treaſon juſtly ſuffered:
Surely he acts the wiſeſt Caſuiſt,
Who for his Life-guard ſingles out the Juſt
For theſe will ſtill be trueſt to their Truſt.
King *David's* Eyes were always on the Good,
Theſe ever in his royal Preſence ſtood;
No vilipending Tongue could reach his Ear,
David was Virtue's Hope and Vice's Fear.
He could not only Pray and Fight, but Sing,
Who dedicate his Muſe to *Iſrael's* King,
And left us ſuch a Proof of skill in Praiſe,
As crowns his Temples with immortal Bays.
Thus was he both with Bay and Laurel crown'd;
Who gave *Philiſtian* Force a deadly Wound;
A Monarch qualified to Heaven's Mind,
Where can we ſuch a Map of Greatneſs find?
Tho' from the Rural to the Royal Tent
Yet unabaſh'd the blooming Shepherd went:

We do not hear him mock'd as Ruſtick there,
Who quickly grew polite in Arts of War;
Yet claims his Right, to rule by Heav'ns decree
Not by his Acts of Magnanimitie.
Before the Ark behold his graceſull ſteps,
See how inſpir'd with ſacred Joy he leaps:
No Flout nor Taunt could turn that Heart aſide,
Now riveted on his unerring Guide.
Thou great Compound of Love and Gratitude,
Of flaming Zeal and matchleſs Fortitude,
Accompliſh'd Hero both of Sword and Pen,
Almoſt the greateſt of the Sons of Men!
Poetick Prophet, princely Martial Star.
Thou dreadfull Foe and gentle Conqueror,
Thou tender Partner and the faithfull Friend,
O where will ſuch a train of Beauties end!
Who has ſo many glorious Ends in view,
I cannot go, for finding ſomething new:
The greateſt Patriot and the greateſt Saint,
What ſingle Virtue does my Hero want!

On *Joſeph.*

HERE *Joſeph* ſhines the brighteſt of his Time,
Who ſhuns all youthfull Joys to fly a Crime.
Heathens have ſoar'd as high to win a Name,

But *Joseph* for his Virtue lost his Fame.

JOSEPH's Discent.

Joseph, the Darling of Old *Jacob*'s Age,
Who, Hero like, could with his GOD engage;
Who left not Wrestling till he overcame,
And got himself an everlasting Name.
No Wonder if his Progeny esteem
That Sinew *Sacred*, shrunk in Quest of Fame.
A Member maim'd in such a glorious War
May well be stil'd an ornamental Scar.
Come see what pious Frauds this *Jacob* try'd,
To gain the Blessing *Esau* was deny'd.
Moses describes him plain, inclin'd to Tents,
The plainest seldom their Ambition wants.
The gentle Gamesome Darling of his Sire
Did not to such victorious Deeds aspire,
Who Sold the Birthright to the Blessing knit,
And most prophanely turn'd Contempt on it.
When to the World *Jacob* at first took Way,
Methinks he cry'd by Signs to *Esau*, stay,
When by the Heel he seez'd him with the Hand,
It speaks to me, as he had bid him stand!
An early Presage of his tow'ring flight,
But Heaven guided his Ambition right.
Mark as he grows, he presses to the Prize;
When Age had dim'd his Father *Isac*'s Eyes,

His mother tells him of the laſt Command
His Father gave, and then with Foot and Hand
Jacob obeys, he flys to fetch the Kids,
Short while he diſputes what *Rebecca* bids.
His Neck and Arms muſt be conceal'd with Care,
The Skins of Kids muſt paſs for *Eſau*'s Hair,
Affects his Tone, dreſt in his goodly Weed,
Nor could he be eas'ly diſcern'd indeed
By one, whoſe outward Senſes wanted Edge,
Pall'd with his tedious ſtay upon the Stage.
How does this Thirſt of Glory animate!
How nat'rally it makes plain *Jacob* perſonate!
The Bleſſing was his Aim, that Aim he got,
Nor could the Reach of *Satan* counter-plot
What was decre'd ſo long before his Birth,
It was laid up for him before the Earth.
Eſau's deſerted by the divine Will,
Was Reprobate, and ſo continues ſtill.
Now *Jacob* muſt from furious *Eſau* fly,
'Twere worth our Pains to ſee him on his Way
As far as *Bethel*, where he lay that Night,
Where firſt his Eyes beheld the heavenly Light:
Upward and downward went the Hoſt of Heaven,
Such Revelations were to *Joſeph* given,
Joſeph I think the only Son,
In whome the Gift of Revelation ſhone:

His Brethren all to rural Acts incline,
Yet all the Saints are bleſt in *Judah*'s Line.

On Joſeph's *Revelation.*

JOSEPH, whoſe youthfull Slumbers did preſage
He would be great before he left the Stage,
Unhappily his divine Dreams he ſhows
To ſuch, as nought of Revelation knows:
Pride leaves her Footſteps on his Brethren's Brow,
They ſcorn to their Competitor to bow:
If not to him, they muſt to Heaven's Decree,
Which for that End did often ſet him free.
Nor could the Rage of *Satan* countermand
The firm Decree of Heaven, for it will ſtand;
And even ſeeming Contradictions join
To bring about th' Eternal's great Deſign.

On Joſeph's *Sufferings.*

BEHOLD! the youthfull Wanderer walks abroad,
Protected only by the Power of GOD.
At his Approach fraternal Love was loſt,
His Brethren were on Floods of Envy toſt.

One plots to Kill, another plots to Sell;
Whether for Greed or Pity, few can tell.
Moſt in Compaſſion to his aged Sire,
Whom *Reuben* thought would ſoon with Grief expire.
His party colour'd Coat, Type of his Fate,
Made up of many an Act of Love and Hate,
They dipt in Blood of ſome new ſlaught'red Kid,
And under this their hateſull Fact they hid,
Now *Jacob* mourns his Son as he were Dead.

JACOB's Lament.

Joſeph! the Son of my delightſull Spouſe,
Whom I at firſt from pure Affection choſe;
My ſeven Year's Purchaſe by my own Conſent,
For whom I thought my Time was eaſy ſpent;
When by my Uncle's Fraud I *Léah* got,
And thought it baſe to ſeek to looſe the Knot,
I choſe to ſerve for *Rachel* o're again;
So in Effect ſhe coſt me full Fourteen.
Children of her I never had but Two,
And Death had now remov'd her from my View;
In him the Bundle of my Life lies hid,
As in my other Right-hand Son it did.
My Flower of Virtue by Death's mournſull Blaſt
Blown from the Tree, oh! why in ſuch a Haſte,
Before the Flower was ripened into Fruit!

Now all's blown down and trodden under Foot!
My *Joſeph*'s Lifeleſs in the open Field,
What good to me can Conſolation yield!
In him did I anticipate my Joys,
Now fruitleſs Hopes to ſee my *Joſeph* riſe.
Tho' Signs portentous in his Slumbers came,
Which ſpeaks him glorious in the Book of Fame,
Yet all is gone; for with his ſlender Threed
Theſe Hopes are cut, the Airy Shadow's fled.

Note.

Short ſighted Senſe! little Old *Jacob* knew
What Work his GOD for *Joſeph* had to do,
The darkeſt Night preceeds the cleareſt Day:
For when the adverſe Shades are blown away,
The proſperous Sun ſhines with Meridian Rays,
And brings new ſubjects for his Maker's Praiſe.

Joſeph *goes down to* Egypt.

FROM Hand to Hand is friendleſs *Joſeph* toſt,
Far off he wanders, but was never loſt:
For his unerring Guide was plac'd within,
Whoſe Wiſdom pav'd a patent Road for him.
Now view him grac'd with all the Pomp of Youth,

Erect

Erect and blooming; yet more fair by Truth,
Which ſoon advanc'd him to a Place of Truſt,
Whoſe every Action did declare him juſt.
Unknown of Fame *Joſeph* could not live long,
So pious, prudent, beautifull, and Young;
Juſtly the Object of Old *Satan*'s Hate,
Who in a Woman came with him to treat.

Note.

It muſt be own'd, it had been worth his While,
So great a Man as *Joſeph* to beguile.
The great ſoon grow Offences to the ſmall,
The wiſe and good Tranſgreſs, ſo why not all?
When leading Characters from Virtue ſtray,
They draw the thoughtleſs Multitude away:
For had he to his Intreſt win him o're,
'Tis ten to one but he had brought him more.
Joſeph"s afraid to ſtay, he takes his heels,
Satan away for ſpight the Shadow ſteals,
But durſt not touch the Subſtance for his Heart,
But leſt him under keen Reproach to ſmart.
That wounding Sting to an ingenuous Heart.
Come view the Chain of Cauſes; did ye ſee,
Did e're the Shadow from the Subſtance flee
So preternatural, as in this Caſe,
Fame fled his Virtue and conceal'd her Face.
Strange Turn of Events! could ſo great an Act

Araign it's Author for ſo foul a Fact?
A Thing as ſtrange, as when the natural Sun
Did retrograd on *Ahaz* Dyal run!
Now *Joſeph* like a living Martyr lies
Confin'd below, but free above the Skies.
Omniſcience never fails to meditate
The Perſon, whom true Grace doth animate:
Nor does he in Oblivion leave his Name,
But fix'd it in the fair Records of Fame;
Where, as in Marble, none can blot it out,
Who of his Virtue ſaw no Cauſe to doubt:
Yet muſt his Faith as in a Furnace ly.
Fire does the Value of the Metalls try;
Juſt ſo are adverſe Events to a Mind,
Not by Afflictions broken, but refin'd.
Now the divining Quality appears,
Which had lyen dormant ſince his tender Years,
Which with his Morals ſoon procures Reſpect,
Nor could he tho' a Priſ'ner be neglect.
Decrees come down in humane Cauſes now;
Tho' 'twas not blind to it's great Author's View,
That Secret was not made to *Joſeph* known,
To ſatisfy the Criminal alone;
But by the Event ev'ry Eye may ſee,
It was deſign'd to ſet the Martyr free.

Note.

Muſt *Joſeph* Die in dull Obſcurity!

No,

No, GOD will ſet his Servants upon high.
He had declar'd his Mind to him at firſt,
And ſtill had been the Object of his Truſt.
Tho' Mortals may forget a Benefite,
It is not ſo with Wiſdom infinite.
A thouſand Years are but as Yeſterday
To the great Author of Felicity.
Amongſt Tranſgreſſors *Joſeph* numbred lies,
Like his great Antetype above the Skies:
Exact Reſemblance, one Dies for his Fact,
The other Lives till he declare the Act.
Mark the ſhort Reign of humane Gratitude,
No longer in his Memory it ſtood
Than 'tis fullfi'd; now to the Court he's gone,
And *Joſeph*'s left to meditate alone.
Nay, in the Butler's treacherous Memory
It had been loſt to perpetuity,
If it had not been regiſtrate above,
Amongſt the Inſtances of ſacred Love,
Then GOD ſent down to Earth, and brake the Sleep
Of him, who did the Rule of *Egypt* keep;
He rack'd Magician's Brains, to find the Cauſe,
But *Joſeph* only did deſerve Applauſe.
By Famine he has made his Promiſe true,
He made all *Iſrael*'s Sons to *Joſeph* bow;

Now the predicted Famine comes about,
Which finds the Sins of *Jacob*'s Offspring out,
Canaan is famiſh'd, there they cannot ſtay,
But they muſt down to *Egypt* take their Way:
There owe their Liſe to him, whom they had Sold,
Whoſe Heart was neither ſet on Blood nor Gold.
Now *Joſeph* acts the Politician's Part,
And is as much a Maſter of the Art,
As any Stateſman on the Banks of *Nile*,
Nor ſtrove he to enrich himſelf with Guile.
What he predicts, is punctually fullfil'd,
His flowing Cup with ſteady Hand he held:
A lawfull Iſſue crowns his nuptial Bed,
Who from the Harlot's looſe Embraces fled.
What is a Cauſe to GOD, why its a Tool,
The very ſame makes *Joſeph* Serve and Rule.
Divining firſt expos'd him to Envy,
Truſt made him ſerve, then in a Dungeon ly:
Divining led the Way to *Joſeph*'s Liberty,
And recommended him to Majeſty.

On *Fortitude.*

THOU uſefull, ornamental Virtue Fortitude,
Thou may be ſtil'd a Star of greateſt Magnitude:

In Nature, all both great and ſmall,
Have uſe for thee;
Nor can we like our Species act,
If thou take Wings and flee.

[2.]

When thou deſerts us in Surprize,
We act the Aſpen Leaf,
We ſink or ſoar with each ſurmize
Of Hatred, Love or Grief.
Then ſure, 'tis Prudence to acquire as much of thee,
As we can find to arm the Mind
Againſt Adverſity.

[3.]

What mortal may preſume to ſay,
I live above
The Reach of that, which reaches all
That live or move.
Since it is ſo, that all may know Viciſitude,
In ſuch a Caſe next Thing to Grace is Fortitude.

[4.]

It is the Charm, that prompts the Arm,
It ſcorns the Coward's Flight:
The fierceſt Blow, giv'n by a Foe,
In any Fight:
It back retorts, it far tranſports
Beyond the Common Clime;

Nay

Nay, it can turn Contempt upon
all Events here in Time.

(5)

If in the Book of Nature thou
Does ſtand ſo fam'd;
What would thou be, if thou could ſee
Thy ſelf ſublim'd and turn'd to Grace?
Thou would ſurpaſs
Thy ſelf a thouſand Ways,
What Cypher would thy Worth augment,
Thy Pleaſure and thy Praiſe.

[6.]

For when I've ſaid the beſt of thee I can,
Thou'rt but a Stoick ſtiſneſs in a Man;
When void of Grace, that vacant ſpace
A thouſand Ills contain:
The Virtue that reſults from Pride,
Is but a painted Sin.

(7.)

Come ſee thy outmoſt Flight in *Cato*'s Fate,
Without Religion thou art ſoon deſate;
Remove the GOD, and all thy Strength is gone,
Thou weak, like ſhaven *Sampſon*, left alone.
Thine Eyes are out, thy Underſtanding blind,
Philiſtian Paſſions triumph o're the Mind.
By ſuch a dire Aſſault did *Cato* fall,

When *Roman* Glory firſt was brought in Thrall.

[8.]

Come then to the eternal King
Under his Banner liſt;
When thou art overpower'd with Foes,
He'll help thee to reſiſt;
His Service is it's own Reward,
Altho' it brought no more;
Tho' thou ſeems ſtrong, thou art but weak,
Without the divine Power,

On *Temperance.*

THOU deareſt Friend to all that's great and good,
When in thy Nature rightly underſtood,
Thou art as Ointment to thy Owner's Name,
Thou Guardian of the lovely Darling Fame.
No moral Virtue do I more admire,
I would not wiſh to feel thy Flame expire
In me; far rather would I turn to Duſt,
Than feel my Honour fall by ſuch a Thruſt.
Thy Exit brings a Train of Vices in,
It beats the patent Road to every Sin,
Tears Reputation, ruins every Joy,

With thee all real Comfort flys away.
Stay then, ſweet Cement of all real Good,
And leave me not on this ſide of the Flood:
For if thou go, a Thouſand Ills will come
In ſpight of thee, and then I am undone.
Intemperate Love of Wealth will make a Thief,
Intemperate Love of Joy give Riſe to Grief,
Intemperate Love of any Thing in Time
In Sin's Proceſſion is the leading Crime.

On *Prudence.*

PRUDENCE, thou art the Optick of the Mind,
Without thee, all the Intellect were blind;
Thou weeds our Thoughts, and throws the reſt away,
And lets the beſt for Words and Actions ſtay.

[2.]

But yet conſider, thou art not a Grace,
Nor is it fit that thou ſhould take her Place.
It is thy higheſt Honour to attend
When ſuch a glorious Maſter does command.

[3.]

Bluſh not to mingle with the Graces Train,
Altho' a Servant none will thee diſdain:

He

He does aſcend to ſerve, he does not ſtoop,
Who ſerves the Object of the Chriſtian Hope.

A Dialogue, between the *Soul* and *Curioſity*.

Curioſity.

SAY graceſull Wanderer, where doeſt thou ſtay?
What is thy Origin? ſure 'tis not Clay.

Soul.

If thou would know, I am of heavenly Birth,
Tho' I ſojourn in Temples made of Earth.

Curioſity.

What did thy Author by thy Flight intend?
Sure Heav'n did thee on ſome great Errand ſend.

Soul.

I came, my Author's Glory to proclaim,
And my Reward is never ending Fame.

Curioſity.

What Way does he communicate his Will?
Thou muſt have Rules, that Purpoſe to fulfill.

Soul.

Two vaſt compendious Books to me were giv'n:
No leſs than the Rewards of Earth and Heav'n:

Theſe

Theſe are Religion's uncorrupted Plan,
There do I ſee my Debt to GOD and Man.

Curioſity.

What is this GOD? he muſt be very great,
I long to hear thee of his Eſſence treat,

Soul.

He is a Spirit, loſty and ſublime,
He is not manac'led with Joint or Limb:
He is no leſs than the Omnipotent,
His Wiſdom is beyond all known extent,
He has no Tincture of Impurity,
He cannot ſubject to Mutation be,
He is th' impartial Rule of Equity,
The overflowing Source of Clemency,
And the eternal Law of Verity.

Curioſity.

Is there but one? methinks it is too few,
To have ſo many great Deſigns in View

Soul.

Fool, wouldſt thou multiply a Deity!
Our GOD is one united Trinity.
Three ſeveral Snbſtances in one unite,
The Father, and the Son, and holy Sp'rit,
Unſeparate, unconfounded ever more,
Equal in Glory, as they are in Power.

Curioſity.

But what imports his ſecret fixt Decree?
Methinks I long to hear that Myſterie.

Soul.

It is the ſecret of th' eternal State,
Which he declines to Mortals to relate.
A Chain of Cauſes wreath'd about his Throne,
Which only by their Conſequence are known:
Only this much Experience doth teach,
Tho' few but Fools are ſaid to hear him Preach;
That GOD is active in the Work of Grace,
Only permitting in the Caſe of Vice.

Curioſity.

What Way are theſe Deſigns in Action put,
Or how doth he this Purpoſe execute?

Soul.

The firſt is ſhown in his creating Power,
The ſecond only in preſerving Care.

Curioſity.

What this Creating is, fain would I learn,
It ſeems too high for Mortals to diſcern.

Soul.

In ſix Days Time he made the World, and all
That it contains, all good before the Fall.

Curioſity.

What Way was Man created at the firſt?
Is he like Beaſts, but animated Duſt?

Soul.

Soul.

Yes, he's of Duſt and Spirits animal;
But then he has a Soul that's rational,
From whence Impulſes to Devotion flow,
Which the moſt thinking Brute did never know.
But beſides this, the Soul was pure and juſt,
GOD ſtamp'd his Image on the Soul at firſt.
The greateſt Brutes to him did Homage pay,
And none attempted Man to diſobey.

Curioſity.

Unvail the Myſt'ry of his Providence:
For Nature ſees no more than common Chance.

Soul.

What Way think'ſt thou the World is govern'd?
Stands GOD a mute Spectator unconcern'd?
No, GOD ſubjects all Creatures to his Will,
And ſees thy Actions, whether good or ill.

Curioſity.

What Act of Providence could thou cite out,
Before the Fall of *Adam* came about?

Soul.

What could he more, what did he not provide?
Only one ſingle Tree was Man deny'd.
Sure nothing but an ill directed Mind
Could be to more Variety inclin'd.

But Thirſt of Knowledge tempted him to climb,
Tho' where he thought to fly, he's forc'd to ſwim:
Nor is he all, that ſuffers by the Crime,
His Puniſhment laſts till the End of Time.
Theſe that ſcape Sp'ritual muſt taſte Nat'ral Death,
And none but two exempt from Loſs of Breath.

Curioſity.

What is a Sin, I want to underſtand?

Soul.

It is a Breach of the divine Command.

Curioſity.

Was eating Fruit, the Cauſe of *Adam's* fall?
If ſo, he for a Trifle ſold us all.
And are his Offspring all in him Condemn'd?

Soul.

All that by Nat'ral Line from him deſcend;
As at the firſt he did all repreſent,
All are included in his Puniſhment.

Curioſity.

What is the Conſequence of *Adam's* Sin?

Soul.

By it, both Death and Hell are uſher'd in.

Curioſity.

What is the Puniſhment of Sin on Earth?

Soul.

Why, is not Man depraved from his Birth!

Is he not tainted in his Origin!
Sin hath diffus'd it ſelf thro' ev'ry Vein:
All the Irregularities on Earth
Do to the firſt Tranſgreſſion owe their Birth.

Curioſity.

And what has Mankind loſt in ſuch a Caſe?

Soul.

Why, is not Sin the Cauſe of all Diſgrace!
The bright Shechinas vailed from his Sight,
And left him under ſhades of diſmal Night,
To divine Rage expos'd, and who can tell
The Tortures, Sinners do endure in Hell!

Curioſity.

And are we all in this unhappy Caſe,
Is there no Subject for the divine Grace?

Soul.

O yes, there is; long before Time began,
There was an Act of Grace given out for Man;
A certain Number GOD has ſingled out
Of every Age and Sex, the World thro'out:
Theſe do in ev'ry State of Life improve,
To theſe his Smiles and Frowns are all in Love.

Curioſity.

What Way was that Deſign in Action put,
Or who came down his Will to execute?

Soul.

To what Religion art thou Proſylite?

Or waſt thou Born in ſome obſcure Retreat,
Where divine Truth did never penetrate?
That thou heard nothing of that happy Star,
Juſtly obſerv'd by Heathens from a far,
Which led the wandring Sages to the Place,
Where they beheld the Infant Rays of Grace.
Or heard thou not at Midnight on the Hill,
How down the glorious Hoſt was ſent to tell;
Who ſang his Praiſe in ſuch exalted ſtrains,
As juſtly raviſh'd the believing Swains.
How Heaven's Glory and Earth's fixed Friend
To leave th' eternal Throne did condeſcend,
And was incarnate in a Virgin's Womb,
Nay, ſtoop'd to ly within another's Tomb,
In humane Form into a Manger lay,
The ſpotleſs Mirrour of Divinity;
Laden with all the Weakneſs of our Mind,
Yet ev'ry Paſſion was by him refin'd,
Both Joy, and Grief, and Love, and ſinleſs Hate,
Infinite Wiſdom well could regulate.
And as a humane Form for us he took,
The humane Form he never yet forſook:
But as he is, he will for ever be
Both GOD and Man thro'out Eternity.

Curioſity.

In what Relations does *Meſſiah* ſtand?

Why

Soul.

Why, he gives all that Juſtice could demand.
He as a Prophet has his Will expreſt,
Next he performs the ſacred Part of Prieſt,
Laſtly he acts the mighty Potentate,
And brings his conquer'd Captives home in ſtate.

Curioſity.

What Way does he perform the Prophet's Part?

Soul.

Why ſure, to find out that needs no great Art:
He teaches by his Spirit and his Word,
Where can thou find a more ſublime Record?

Curioſity.

What Way does he perform the Part of Prieſt?

Soul.

He offers up to GOD the Sinner's Gift:
What could he more? he lives to interceed,
And as a Sacrifice for Man did bleed.

Curioſity.

What Way does he perform the Part of King?

Soul.

Does he not Sinners home in Triumph bring?
Does he not make a Conqueſt of the Mind?
Are we not by his eaſy Yoke confin'd?
Does not reſtraining Grace keep Saints in Aw
Ay more than Nature or than Honour's Law?

Both

Both in his humble and exalted State,
He does in three at once officiate.

Curiosity.

What mean you by *Messiah*'s humble State?

Soul.

I mean his leaving the eternal Seat
Of Glory, here to live as Man on Earth,
And to the Race of *Adam* owe his Birth!
Live here on Earth, o'relook'd by all the great,
Save when they would convince him of their Heat,
Endure the Rage of Heaven and Earth at once,
All to recover fallen *Adam*'s Sons.

Curiosity.

What means thou by his State of Dignity?

Soul.

Thou seems a Stranger to Divinity.
I mean his Conquest over Death and Hell,
And all that e're attempted him to quell;
And his ascending to th' Emperial Throne,
There to possess what Purchase made his own,
The just Rewards of his victorious Deeds,
Who at the Father's Right hand interceeds;
From whence he shall to judge the Earth return,
When those that pierc'd him, shall behold and mourn.

Curiosity.

What Way come we to claim this blessed Part?

Soul.

Soul.

It cannot be attain'd by humane Art.
True Faith and Confidence in him alone,
Makes us to plead his Merit as our own.

Curioſity.

In Nature's Soil that Seed can never grow,
It was not generated here below.

Soul.

No, 'tis the Operation of the Spirit,
He gives the Grace intitles us to merit,

Curioſity.

What is the moſt effectual Way to bring
Obliged Sinners home to Heaven's King?

Soul.

Illuminasion is the leading Pledge,
With Her the Siſter Graces took their Stage,
Convictions now deſcend like Summer ſhowers,
Converſion ſprings from thence like budding Flowers.
Now is the Soul ſtrecht out to that extent,
That nothing leſs than CHRIST can her content.

Curioſity.

What is the Conſequence of ſuch a Change?
No Doubt but the Effects of it are ſtrange.

Soul.

By this from Sin the Saints are juſtifi'd;
By this with Heaven's Sonſhip digniſi'd,

By

By this renew'd in all the inward Man,
All this is built upon Redemption's Plan,

Curiosity.

What by these Priviledges have we gain'd,
Which CHRIST by so much Pain for us obtain'd?

Soul.

By this we are assur'd of Heaven's Care,
By this in Righteousness we persevere,
By this is clamorous Conscience kept in Peace,
By this does Grace upon our Hand increase,
By this the Comforter's from Heaven brought,
Till CHRIST return to bring what he has bought.

Curiosity.

What can all this avail the Saints at Death?
All seeming Pleasures take the Wing with Breath.

Soul.

At Death they're purified from ev'ry Sin,
Their Souls to Glory quickly enter in:
As in a Bed the Saints in Grave do sleep,
The Trust of Soul and Body Heavens keep,
Untill the Dawn of the eternal Day,
That the last Trumpet call them both away.

Curiosity.

What brings the Resurrection to the Just?

Soul.

Why, then both Earth and Sea give up their Trust,

Then

Then are the Saints quite purified from Sin,
Their Souls to Glory quickly enter in,
Then is GOD's Image to fall'n Man reſtor'd,
With all the Pleaſure Heaven can afford,
Brighter than *Adam* in his perfect State,
Beyond the Reach of Change from Love to Hate.

Curioſity.

What is the Proof of our Fidelity?

Soul.

It is the Law of GOD and Equity,
Publiſh'd by *Moſes* upon Mount *Sinai*,
To guard Religion and Society.
He on the Tables wrote the pure Compend,
Which doth the ſpotleſs Precepts comprehend,
With all the Motives, that can touch a Mind,
Unto the ſenſe of Benefits inclin'd.

The Preface.

I am the GOD, who from the galling Yoke
Of *Egypt* ſet thee free, by many a ſtroak
Upon her Princes, and her private Men,
Upon her Flocks, her Herds, her Trees, her Grain:
For thee I did divide the Crimſon Flood,

And will not that move thee to Gratitude!

I. *Commandment.*

Do not at all preſume to multiply
The One intire united Trinity:
Prefer no Idol to the GOD above,
Who is the great Compend of divine Love!

II. *Commandment.*

Confound not thou the Humane with Divine,
To Pray to Saint or Angel is a Crime.
The Elements can boaſt nothing like Me,
That may preſented as my Image be.
If thou compare Me to a Thing that ſwims,
Or creeps, or walks, or mounts the Air with Wings;
Thou may be ſure, I'll viſite the Diſgrace
Not only on thy ſelf, but on thy Race:
To Children's Children I'll my Love extend,
And thoſe that love my Precepts I'll defend.

III. *Commandment.*

Beware thou do not ſlightly touch my Name,
Nor ever venture raſhly to Blaſpheme:
See thou with Reverence view my Attributes,
Do not preſume to mock my ſacred Rites:
For I will not acquit thee of the Sin
Of taking of my ſacred Name in vain.

IV. *Commandment.*

Remember that the ſeventh Day is mine,

Only to be employ'd in Things divine;
See thou in it indulge no carnal Joy,
Devotion only muſt thy Thoughts employ.
Six Days I give thee for thy lawfull Trade,
Theſe well employ'd may well for thee provide:
For when I had created Heaven and Earth,
And to all living Creatures given a Birth,
I took the Seventh for a Day of Reſt,
When new made Nature I beheld and bleſt;
On it no Slave without thy Gates may move,
That were an Inſult on the GOD above:
Thy Son, nor Daughter, Servant Man nor Maid,
Nor Ox, nor Aſs, for ſervile Uſes made,
No home-born Slave, nor ſorreign Proſylite
Within thy Gates, but muſt to this ſubmit.

V. *Commandment.*

See thou thy nat'ral Parents much reſpect,
Thou doeſt incurr my Curſe, if thou neglect;
By loving thoſe, to whom thou oweſt thy Birth,
Thou mayſt prolong thy Life upon the Earth.

VI. *Commandment.*

See thou abhorr the Thirſt of humane Blood,
For Man was made in GOD's ſimilitude;
By Words or Actions do not thou conſpire,
To uſe the Means, would make his Life expire:

But in the Cauſe of Juſtice it muſt be,
Turn not aſide from Right and Equity,
But turn Contempt on theſe fantaſtick Rules
Of lawleſs Honour, Darling of all Fools,
Which, *Ignis fatuus* like, leads Men aſide
From real Honour to baſe Paracide.

VII. *Commandment.*

See thou abhorr all Thoughts that are unclean,
View ev'ry Vice, as ſervile, baſe and mean:
Shun every Object, that would raiſe a Flame
Deſtruction to thy Virtue and thy Fame.

VIII. *Commandment.*

Steal not, nor on a Purchaſe ſet thine Eyes
That would be ſinfull; ſeek a lawfull Prize:
For I have furniſh'd every humane Kind
With lawfull Callings, more or leſs refin'd,
By which they may obtain the Means of Life;
Then why ſhould Men deſcend to Fraud or Striſe.

IX. *Commandment.*

See thou affirm not any thing that's falſe,
Nor lie, although thou might obtain Applauſe:
Expoſe not thou another unto Shame,
Remember how thy ſelf does love thy Fame.
Look up unto that ſinleſs Advocate,
Who lives above, that he may expiate
The Saint's Offences till the End of Time,

And

And yet himſelf did not commit a Crime.
Doeſt thou not bluſh to blaze another's Sin,
In whom the ſame Infirmities are ſeen.

X. *Commandment.*

Thou ſhalt not covet any Thing at all,
That is thy Neighbour's, whether great or ſmall:
But reſt content with what thou doeſt poſſeſs,
Seek not by Wrongs thy Loſſes to redreſs.

Theſe Precepts here are plac'd for the Defence
Of true Religion and pure Innocence.
Who dares to climb; and ſhuns the patent Road,
Incurs the Wrath of a revenging GOD.

Curioſity.

Were all theſe Precepts punctually perform'd,
How would the humane Nature be adorn'd!

Soul.

Ay, but 'tis far above the humane Reach,
Since Mankind ſtoop'd to hear the Serpent preach.

Curioſity.

Are there not high and low Degrees of Sin?
Or are Tranſgreſſions equally the ſame?

Soul.

No; Sins that are againſt the greateſt Light,
Are greater Inſults, and taſte more of ſpight.

Curioſity.

What is the due Reward of every Crime?

Soul.

Soul.

The Curſe of GOD on Earth and after Time.

Curioſity.

What Way can we be ſheltred from that Rod?

Soul.

There is a Refuge City built by GOD:
Repent of Sin, and truſt in JESUS CHRIST,
Who is to thee a Prophet, Prince, and Prieſt;
Uſe ev'ry Mean that Heaven has ordain'd,
By which thy Happineſs may be obtain'd.

Curioſity.

What does thou mean by Faith in JESUS CHRIST?

Soul.

What is true Faith, but to receive and reſt
On him alone, in whom the Saints are bleſt.

Curioſity.

What is Repentance to eternal Life?

Soul.

It is in Saints a Conſcientious ſtriſe
With Sin's Empire, a true Regard for Grace,
A fix'd Perſwaſion of eternal Peace;
Which makes them ſtrive old Errors to reform,
And evangelick Duties to perform.

Curioſity.

Tell me, what Way does CHRIST communicate
The Graces for Salvation requiſite?

Soul.

Soul.

The Spirit makes the Reading of the Word
And Preaching, ſolid Comfort to afford:
Their Comfort they derive from him alone,
By Faith they are intitled to his Crown.

Curioſity.

How muſt we read, or how muſt we attend,
In Order to attain a happy End?

Soul.

Thou with unwearied Patience muſt attend,
Succeſs does on Sincerity depend;
Prepare thine Heart, and liſt thy Soul in Pray'r,
Receive with Faith and Love, retain with Care:
With Knowledge ſee thou do not reſt content,
But let thine Heart on Practice be intent.

Curioſity.

How does the Sacrament become a Mean,
To take away the hateſull ſtains of Sin?

Soul.

There is no Virtue in the Bread nor Wine,
That can have Power to take away a Crime:
Nor is the Virtue in the hallow'd Prieſt,
Who does diſpenſe to Men the ſacred Feaſt;
But 'tis the Operation of the Spirit,
And Faith in Saints that makes them to inherit.

Curiosity.

What is imported in the Sacrament,
Or what is by this Institution meant?

Soul.

It was ordain'd at first to represent
The Benefits of the new Covenant,
As represented, seal'd, and then ppply'd
To all, for whom the Mediator dy'd.

Curiosity.

What are the Sacraments of newest Date,
That contribute unto our happy State?

Soul.

Baptism in it's Order is the first,
And after it the holy Eucharist.

Curiosity.

What means Baptism in the infant State?

Soul.

Why, it was given to initiate
Mankind into the Faculty of Saints,
Where we transplanted grow as rising Plants:
The Water signifies, to make us clean
From all the Filth of our base Origin;
And in the Name of all the Trinity,
It is a Seal to the Solemnity
Of this, the glorious Covenant of Grace,
And our Engagement to the Prince of Peace.

Curiosity.

Curioſity.

Who may admitted to this Fountain be?
Are ev'ry Age, and Sex, and Kingdom free?

Soul.

Yes, all who know it's Worth, may come and ſhare;
Yet Strangers muſt in this as Strangers fare,
They muſt ſtand back, till they arive at Age
To know the Cauſe, for which they do engage:
But they, whoſe Fathers were within the Church,
May to the ſame aſſoon as Born approach.

Curioſity.

What means thou by the holy Euchariſt?

Soul.

It repreſents the ſolemn parting Feaſt,
Which as a Token of our Gratitude,
At his Command firm to this Day hath ſtood:
Doeſt thou not ſee the Euchariſtick Wine?
It's Antitype makes Souls of Saints to ſhine,
It repreſents the Fountain of his Blood,
Shed by Decree before the World ſtood.
When with the Wine thou ſe'ſt the hallow'd Bread,
Then call to Mind his Body and his Blood:
Thou muſt not eat it as a common Thing,
Elſe thou GOD's Judgements on thy ſelf will bring.

Curioſity.

What is requir'd of ſuch as would receive

The greateſt Benefite that Heaven gave!

Soul.

They ought to ſcan the ſecrets of their Mind,
And ſee what ſtrength they in their Graces find;
Their Knowledge, to diſcern the Antitype,
And of their Faith, upon the ſame to feed;
Leſt raſh approaching to the ſacred Feaſt
Bring temp'ral Judgements on themſelves at leaſt.

Curioſity.

What are we here to underſtand by Prayer?

Soul.

It is the Offering up of our Deſire,
With deep ſubmiſſion to the Will of Heaven,
Acknowledging what he before has given,
Struck with a ſenſe of our Unworthineſs,
Claiming as ours the Saviour's Righteouſneſs.

Curioſity.

Was there no Rule for our Direction given,
Or may we, as we pleaſe, ask Aid of Heaven?

Soul.

GOD's Word is well adapt to every ſtate,
And helps our Minds juſt Meanings to relate,
But he, who opened the ſealed Book,
Gave us a Rule, on which we ought to look.

Our

Our Father which art in Heaven.

THUS filial Love and divine Awe
Should Saints with Love and Duty draw,
With all the holy Reverence, and yet unſhaken Confidence,
That's us'd on Earth below,
Yet ſhould we, like the Seraphims,
Who vail their Faces with their Wings,
Unto his Altar go.

Hallowed be thy Name.

Let thy Creation all conſpire
To bring their Incence to that Fire,
That never will go out:
For thou waſt GOD, ere Time began,
And wilt be GOD, when Time is gone,
Eternity thr'out;
Let ev'ry Act of thine on Earth
Agree to give new Praiſes Birth,
And Glory to thy Name;
Whether adverſe or proſperous,
Let it's Reſult be glorious,
Let it thy Praiſe proclaim.

Thy Kingdom come.

O let *Meſſiah*'s Kingdom riſe,
And ruin thoſe, that would deſpiſe
His Kingly Government:
In Number let the Saints increaſe,
And let the Proſylites of Grace
Count it their Ornament.
Let *Satan*'s Kingdom have an End,
And ruin thoſe, that would defend
The black Empire of Sin.
Let ſtrangers to our King ſubmit,
And let thy Wiſdom infinite
Protect them that are in.

Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

Let all thy Saints in ſilence ſit,
And paſſive to thy Will ſubmit,
As Angels do above;
O make thy Saints obey and know
What thou exacts from Men below,
And all thy Acts approve.

Give us this Day our daily Bread.

Keep thou this Temple in Repair,
And put thy Bleſſing in my Fare,
Whilſt here on Earth I dwell;
Give me no more than I can bear,

Nor

Nor preſs me down with too much Care,
Thy Wiſdom beſt can tell,
When 'tis enough; for if too much,
Frail Nature has ſo nice a Touch,
She ſoon does ſickly grow;
Her giddy Eyes cannot be kept
On him, who gave the Benefite
From whom her Mercies flow:
Or if depreſt with too much Care,
The fierce Extream may be my Snare,
My Fortitude may fly;
My Spirit may deſcend too low,
I true Religion may forgo,
And ſound Philoſophy.

Forgive us our Debts as we forgive our Debtors.

Croſs out my ever ſwelling Score,
For JESUS ſake, whom Saints adore,
And quite forgive my Debts;
That I may more encourag'd be,
To ſet my nat'ral Debtors free,
And grant them their Receipts.

Lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Stand by me in Temptation's Hour,
And give not up to Sin the Power,
That to thy Self is due;

But

But ever be at my right Hand,
And make me, for my chiefeſt End,
Thy Glory keep in View.

The degenerate Son.

TELL me *Melpomine*, is this my Son?
Where ſhall I fly, the frightfull ſight to ſhun!
I bluſh to lift my Eyes to ſee the Sun.

[2.]

My Eyes grow dark, I cannot truſt my Ears,
My flaming Anger is half drown'd in Tears,
When thou Heart wounding ſpectacle appears.

[3.]

Say, did I force thee from my Houſe to go?
What dreadfull View has brought my Son ſo low!
Cam'ſt thou thus far to meet thy Overthrow!

[4.]

What did I to alienate thy Heart?
If I did ought below a Father's Part,
The very Thought would make my Soul to ſmart.

(5.)

I own at witty Faults I never ſmil'd;
Yet I remembred I had been a Child,

And

And ſo of Courſe was eaſy reconcil'd.

[6.]

I did not lock thee in a Cloſet, no;
Where e'er I went my Son was free to go;
Speak freely out, my Son, was it not ſo?

(7.)

An Infant Son beſt fits a Mother's Arms,
To glut her raviſht Eyes on Beauty's Charms,
When Milk and Blood by Turns her Boſom warms.

[8.]

But thou waſt treated with a fond Reſpect,
If thou had ſtrength of Judgement to reflect,
My Eyes have taught thee what I did expect.

[9.]

I ne're confin'd thee to a Servant's Room,
I meant thee no Companion for my Groom,
What Curſe hath brought on me this heavy Doom!

[10.]

Say were my Precepts rigid or ſevere?
Was my Behaviour awfull and auſtere,
That thou haſt left me, to turn Wanderer?

[11.]

Or haſt thou found the Task aſſign'd thee hard?
Does Virtue ceaſe to be her own Reward,
That in Diſguiſe thou walks to ſhun a Guard?

[12.]

What plac'd my Son in ſuch a narrow Sphere?
I ſtand confounded to behold thee here,
Yet I will try for once to break thy Snare.

[13.]

No Pen on Earth can here deſcribe the Son,
All Ways he lookt his Father's Face to ſhun,
If he had ſtrength, pure ſhame had made him run.

[14.]

Strange how Compaſſion ſwells my Father's Breaſt,
What melting tenderneſs hath he expreſt,
My Debt of Duty's dreadfully increaſt!

[15.]

Straight way he flys to kiſs his Father's Feet,
When forward ſtept the Sire the Son to meet,
Who never thought a Breath before ſo ſweet.

[16.]

Look up my Son, bluſh not at thy Diſguiſe,
Thou haſt been overtaken by ſurprize,
By being Fooliſh thou may be made Wiſe.

[17.]

All Ornaments that thou can want are mine,
I'll tear thy † Virtue's † Vail that it may ſhine,
And own without a Bluſh that thou art mine.

18. Make

† i. e. *Youth and Prejudice.*

All meet him gladly, but the frowning Heir,
Who by his Virtues claim'd the greateſt ſhare,
He had ſecur'd his Father's Heart with Care.

[20.]

Can Envy lodge within a generous Breaſt?
Sure Heaven hath Wealth in ſtore for all thee Reſt;
That very Thought ſhould end the long Conteſt.
The Chriſtians Elyſium,
O fruitfull Field Religion!
Fair Field Virtue.
Thornleſs Field Pleaſure,
Glorious Field Honour,
Highly honou'rd Nature!
Pure Hope rich Reward,
All within the royal Guard;
Such are we by Heaven's Decree,
Who would higher wiſh to be?

The Origin and End of Paſſions.

HAIL hallow'd Paſſion, humane Nature's Glory,
How dazling are thy Rays in ſacred Story!

The Crown of natural Paſſion is the Reaſon,
A holy Thorn that's green in every Seaſon:
The Crown of humane Reaſon is Religion,
Religion ows it's Glory to it's Origin,
It's Origin is honour'd in his End
To him let all the ſacred Smoak aſcend.

On Chriſtian Virtue.

THE Power of doing was in *Adam* loſt,
But Will of doing came and took his Poſt.
Virtue is all Perfection, or She's none;
There are no Virtues where there is but one.
One Architect did the fair Building frame,
And he alone does all the Structure claim.
There is no Spot in all the Deity,
Proportion there makes perfect Symmetry.
No Imperfection from that GOD can ſpring,
All who obſerve him own him for their King.
There is no Blamiſh in the divine Face,
Can one deſpiſe him who hath felt his Grace?
All perfect Gifts do from that GOD deſcend
As he's their Origin, ſo he's their End.
Heroick Deeds from diſintereſted Views,

What

What greater Motive can your Hero chuſe?
Is Heaven's Glory, and the good of Man
Too little to fill up the humane Span?
You ſoar on Eagle's Wings, you do not ſtoop,
'Tis conſtant Valour ſprung from generous Hope.

Ulyſſes and *Telemachus*;

Or Homelitical Virtues.

JOVE, bleſs my Son, dear Object of Delight,
Thou warms my Breaſt and recreates my ſight,
Show me the Wounds thou haſt receiv'd in Fight.

[2.]

Come near, and let me hold thee in my Arms,
I ſee *Penelope* in all her Charms,
Which drowns the ſound of Trumpet's loud Alarms.

[3.]

Twenty Years loſt, and part with one embrace!
Look up again, and let me ſee thy Face,
Thy Infant Actions had thy Mother's Grace.

[4.]

Jove's Gift by *Hymen* ſent, my darling Care,
By his Command and my Conſent my Heir,

How has firm Virtue kept thee freſh and fair!

(5.)

I ſee no Trace of Travail, Toil or Care,
What Way haſt thou eſcap'd the Fouler's ſnare?
Sit down by me, my Son, and let me hear.

(6.)

I'll tell thee how I ſcap't the *Siren*'s Iſle,
Who try'd all Baits that ſimple Souls beguile;
I ſhut mine Eye to her alluring Smile.

(7.)

To her enchanting Sounds I ſtopt mine Ear,
Conſcious of Weakneſs and alarm'd by Fear,
Kind *Jove* inform'd me that a Foe was near.

(8.)

When firſt I look'd on fair *Penelope*,
Whoſe native Beauty and ſimplicity
Darted forth Beams of dazling Majeſty.

(9.)

I had no Force to quell the Rage of Love,
I felt at once all different Paſſions move,
But view'd her as the darling Care of *Jove*.

[10.]

Her Virtue yet in Flower could bear no Fruit;
I for her Judgement's Ear preſerv'd my Suit,
My Eyes invok'd her, when my Tongue was mute.

(11.)

With grateſull Eyes I lookt upon the Fence,

That

That *Jove* had planted there for her Defence,
To guard her Virtue and her Innocence.

(12.)

With timorous Eyes I lookt behind the Wall,
Where Thiefs attempt to climb, but fear'd a Fall:
I never thought of bringing her in Thrall.

(13.)

I thought on *Jove*, I ſaw his piercing Eye,
I knew his Power to puniſh Perjury,
Should ſuch a Worm Omnipotence defy.

(14.)

Silent I ſtood, nor meant to make a Noiſe,
Two Ways I ſaw my Virtue made the Choice,
I ſaw there was a Key, and did rejoice.

(15.)

Jove from above ſaw, and approv'd my Taſte;
Swore by himſelf my Judgement was the beſt,
To crown my Joys he kept thy Mother chaſt.

(16.)

By *Hymen*'s Hand he ſent the golden Key,
Who told me as a Friend, *Jove* made me free
To go and viſite fair *Penelope*.

(17.)

If *Jove* ſhould boaſt he had her Heart,
I ſhould not him believe
I never try'd how weak ſhe was,

To teach her to deceive.

(18.)

Or if ſome ſubtile Fowler catch
Her Virtue by ſurprize,
And I the wretched Witneſs were,
I could not truſt my Eyes.

(19.)

Firm Virtue nurſt that Heaven born Charity,
That flys abroad on Wings of Liberty,
Through Cloſeſt, drawing Room, and Nurſery.

(20.)

Nay through the World it went abroad with thee,
Yet ſtay'd at Home with fair *Penelope*,
And every happy Pair ſeem'd Her and Me.

(21.)

Afar I ſee the Follys of the Croud
I weep in ſecret while I laugh aloud,
They vail their greateſt Beauties with a Cloud.

[22.]

Take thou the Plan of manly Fortitude,
It's Rules are plain and eaſy underſtood,
Thou cannot be leſs great for being good.

(23.)

Here uncorrupted lives the Governeſs,
Inſpir'd as by a Mother's Tenderneſs,
Yet her Authority is ne'er the leſs.

(24.)

Unwatcht at large may ſair *Emilia* go,
Her Father ne'er was known for Virtue's Foe,
Nor ever dreams her Lover will be ſo.

(25.)

On Birth-nights when we rambl'd in Diſguiſe;
I went before them to ſecure the Prize,
Each Nymph beholds me with a Daughter's Eyes.

(26.)

Her hoary Sire conducts me to the Camp,
As one who kept alive his dying Lamp,
My Mettals all bear the Imperial ſtamp.

(27.)

Ten thouſand Friendly Wiſhes me ſurround,
Like Guardian Angels to prevent a Wound,
All claſp about me, when the Trumpets ſound.

[28.]

All Mankind ſhares with me in Joy and Grief,
In Dangers, all fly quick to my Relief,
Mark how I got the Title of a Chief.

(29.)

My Vine was honour'd ſtill, becauſe her Juice
No Act of Brutal Treaſon could produce,
I always kept her for her proper Uſe.

(30.)

She ran in Streams of Hoſpitality,
Inſpir'd high Flights of Generoſity,

But

But ne'er tranſgreſt the Bounds of Deity.

[31.]

Each ſimple Word proceeding from my Mouth
Deriv'd it's Value from the ſtamp of Truth;
Theſe Rules have I obſerved from my Youth.

(32.)

I ſcorn all haughty ſupercilious Airs,
The Faults of others do but grate my Ears,
And oft in ſecret melt me into Tears.

(33.)

I have no Uſe for an imperious Air,
I am the Object of my Servant's Care,
Mine does from Love what Others do from Fear.

(34.)

Quick from his Seat *Telemachus* aroſe,
Faſt in his Arms he did his Sire incloſe,
All bounteous Heav'n what Bleſſings ſhe beſtows!

[35.]

Although almighty *Jove* had made no Law,
To keep his frail Poſterity in Aw,
I cannot loſs the Image that I ſaw.

(36.)

Although my Judge inflict no Puniſhment,
Tho' Crimes have never taught me to Repent,
Yet Reaſon tells me Virtue gives Content.

[37.]

I do not ſimply love, but I eſteem,

My

My Boſom burns with more than Filial Flame,
Sure Vice and Folly are a waking Dream.

[38.]

Now do I ſee that Virtue doth
  Give ſtrength to Nature's Ty;
I'm taught to riſe above my ſelf
  By Generoſity.

[39.]

I bluſh to act below my Sire,
  I could not hear my Name,
If my indecent Deeds ſhould bring
  A Cloud upon his Fame.

On Sleep, *or an Introduction to a* Dream.

SLEEP, ſweet Ceſſation, all the Souls unbends,
While friendly Nature her Aſſiſtance lends,
With skilfull Hand to fix the Optick skreen,
Through which the faireſt Objects are not ſeen:
Bright ſparkling Diamonds in Contempt are loſt,
While every weary'd Senſe forſakes his Poſt.
Back from the Porch the wakefull Porter went,
So that no Meſſage could by him be ſent;

Nor from the Ear could one diſcern his Foe:
The Lamps were dark, and all was huſht below.
Scent ſcorn'd Perfumes, and Taſte delicious ſweets.
Now gentle Touches cool Reception meets;
All Gates were ſhut, no Tidings could be brought,
While *Morpheus*'s Hand unlinkt the Chain of Thought.

A DREAM,

Or the Type of the riſing Sun.

LOOS'D from it's Bonds my Spirit fled away,
And left behind it's moving Tent of Clay.
Aloft it ſoars through Fields of painted air,
Which Fancie's Pencil could not paint too fair.
I lookt, and ſaw the God of Day ariſe,
With graceſull Steps he travails up the Skies:
By juſt Degrees at length he reacht the Line,
I ſaw the utmoſt Limits of him ſhine:
While Moon and Stars before his Chariot fly,
He in the floating Mirrour fixt his Eye.

Here fix, my Eye, come to the Porch, my Ear;
Sit ſtill, my Thought, that I the Sound may hear.
They all obey'd, when lo I heard a Cry,
Come out and meet the Ruler of the Sky.

Implicite

Implicite Nature all together ran,
Their numerous Voices ſeem'd a ſingle Man.
How from my Heart the Flame leapt to my Eye,
While through the clear Perſpective I deſcry
Pure Nature's unconſulted Harmony.

I am his Bed, cry'd out the torrid Clime,
He fix'd my Periods, cry'd revolving Time;
He is my Husband, cry'd the quickning Shower,
He's my Phyſician, cry'd the drooping Flower.
I hear'd the little Inſect World all cry,
He gave me Life, and Force, and Wings to fly.

The Vine cry'd out, He nurſt me when a Plant,
Ev'n to this Hour he gives me what I want;
His Virtue brought the Moiſture to my Crop,
He form'd the Bloſſoms on my trembling Top;
He made my Cluſters ready for the Preſs,
And ſhall not I expreſs my Thankfullneſs.

He cut my Channels, cry'd exalting Flood,
I owe him all my Beauties, cry'd the Wood.
He gave me Light and Heat, ſaid ſmiling Flame,
I am his Shadow, cry'd exalted Fame.
I am his Darling, cry'd unfeigned Truth,
And ſo am I, replied the winged Youth,
In all his Actions thou may'ſt ſee me move,
Nay I have all his Soul, cry'd divine Love.

Dumb *Echo* cry'd, he taught me to repeat,

None elſe could e're teach me to imitate.
I am his Cup, cry'd pure unmixed Grief,
Said heavenly Joy, I fly to his Relief.
I am his Sword, cry'd uncorrupted Hate,
I quack before him, cry'd relentleſs Fate.
This Harmony was noble and divine,
All joy'd to ſee their Benefactor ſhine.
The Feathered Quire clapt all their Wings for Joy,
Whoſe Notes made up a perfect Harmony.
Now ruſſet Garments on the Fields are ſpread,
And now palm Branches in his way are laid.
All Nature ſeem'd to wanton in her Prime
Pure Pleaſure ſwiftly turn'd the Wheel of Time.
Forward I went, and ſaw Society,
The Pleaſure Garden of the Deity;
In which almighty *Jove* took ſuch Delight,
He walkt around her Walls both Day and Night.
At his own Coſt He built the threefold Wall
So high, that Thieves could never miſs to fall.
The Wall of Duty ſeemed to my Eye
For Altitude above the ſtarry Sky.
Rich curious Carvings were upon the Stone,
A fair Foundation it was laid upon.
I ſaw inſcribed conſcious Fortitude.
The Glorious Hedge of Honour next I ſaw,
One of the faireſt Rules in Nature's Law:

The Hedge of Honour was of holy Thorn,
It's natural Fruit was high heroick ſcorn.
I thought him mad, who would attempt to climb,
Where every Thorn muſt fix it's Point in him.
The Hedge of Intreſt was but very low,
Yet to the Eye it had a glaring ſhow;
It's Worth was leſs than any Thing I ſaw,
But I obſerv'd, it keeped moſt in Awe.

The happy Pair.

SATURN cry'd come, but who could come away,
And ſee the Place of *Roſalinda's Stay*:
A ſtately Bower it was, and full of Light,
With a majeſtick Look it met the Sight.
Forward I went to recreate my Eyes,
To where I ſaw with Wonder and Surprize
The greateſt Pleaſures of the humane Life
Chain'd to that ſlender Point, a virtuous Wife.
Half ſick with Rapture up I liſt my Eyes,
To meet the faireſt Form beneath the Skys;
An Angel's Shape, a flaming Seraph's Face,
Pure Nature's Beauty, unaffected Grace:
It met my Eyes, whatever Way I went,

It was a Picture of reſign'd Content.
Next I was led into a fair Receſs,
Where I beheld all Ornaments of Dreſs;
Rich, neatly made, gentile, and gravely gay:
I ſtay'd not there, Time haſted me away
To ſee the Place where *Roſalinda* lay,
Reſign'd at Eaſe in a fond Husband's Arms;
Her Morning Dreſs diſplay'd ten thouſand Charms
Her every Grace *Orlando*'s Boſom warms.
With tender Paſſion, pure, and well refin'd,
By Contemplation of a heavenly Mind.
Up from her Breaſt the gentle *Zephyr* came,
Which ſoftly fann'd the bleſt *Orlando*'s Flame.
The Siſter Fires in both their Eyes embrace,
While raviſht each beholds the other's Face.
Cloſs by them ſat the Sage *Honoria*,
Whoſe ſilver Hairs command reſpectfull Aw.
What ſtrange Emotions were in all theſe Eyes,
Between the ſocial and the filial Tyes,
Fair open Thoughts, that needed no Diſguiſe!
Before them ſat the Nurſe and ſmiling Son,
Whom all their Eyes at once were fixt upon,
Big with Delight they all at other ſtare,
When each remembred who had brought him there.
I ſaw *Ormida* ſeated by their Side,
Who ſaw *Orlando* as her Sire and Guide.

Her

Her Nature ſung a Triumph over Art,
And yet permitted her to bear a Part:
Their Motions all were juſt and regular,
Not fullſome, nor indifferent or ſevere,
Nor courtly affectations ſhockt my Ear.
Was ever ſuch a Rule to Nature lent!
His Heart and Eyes on *Roſalinda* went.

The Pinacle of Diana's *Temple.*

I ſaw *Lucretia* ſtand upon a Tower,
Firm were her looks and full of concious Power;
Nor needs to fear the Force of open Foe,
But bent her Ear unto a Voice below,
Rous'd in the Night, and ſhockt at the Alarm,
Cries out aloud to every Paſſion, arm:
The obedient Paſſions muſter in her Face,
Which gave the Nymph an *Amazonian* Grace.
Nor Youth nor Beauty here could Paſſion warm,
Deſpair made all a formidable Charm.
Into her Breaſt I try'd to penetrate,
And ſaw what Mortal never could come at.
My Eyes beheld a plain and open Heart,
In which black Treachery had fixt a Dart,

A ſharp two Edged Dart of killing Grief,
Which neither could nor would admit Relief.
I markt the Place, in which I ſaw it ly,
Not *Sapho* did in hotter Furnace fry:
But ah their Flames were of a different Kind!
One's in her Frame, the other in her Mind.
Sapho's I ſaw in Clouds of ſmoak ariſe,
Which darkned all the Heaven of her Eyes;
Lucretia's was a bright and ſparkling Flame,
Which ſparkling up into her Opticks came.
The ſound of falling Timber reacht my Ears,
While Nature ſtrove to quench the Flame with Tears.
I ſought and found a Paſſage to her Mind,
Where I ſaw Objects of a different Kind.
I ſaw the ſeeds of Virtue and of Vice,
Of which 'twas Plain her Virtue made the Choice:
Here underſtanding like an aged Man
Was ſet, as if he meant to draw a Plan;
Quick from his Knee, I ſaw his Infant Son,
The little innocent Intention run.
Oft I obſerv'd the aged Parent ſmil'd
At the officious Fondneſs of the Child,
Who did not ſeem to run, but rather fly,
And never askt his Sire, the Reaſon why.
Above my Head I lookt, and ſaw a Throne,
Which an unbiaſt Judgement ſat upon.

Below I ſaw four graceſull Paſſions ſtand
In ſhining Fetters, under high Command;
Theſe ne're attempt to chuſe an Object; no,
But when their Maſter ſaid it ſhould be ſo:
I thought them Slaves of Note they ſeem'd ſo great,
And quickly found them Priſoners of State.
Here were the Knowledge both of Good and Ill,
Committed to the Management of Will.
I ſaw the Field of Virtue, fair and green,
A richer Soil my Eyes have ſeldom ſeen.
Here were tall Trees, Boughs broke with golden Fruit,
Long Graſs and Herbs, to feed the grazing Brute.
Here golden Fleeces grew upon the Flocks,
Here were the Chriſtall and the Diamond Rocks.
Here hid in Earth were Veins of golden Ore,
And precious Pearls ſcattered on the Shore.
I could not wiſh for Ought that was not there,
But Vice's Field was barren, black and bare.
I whiſpered ſoftly in the Ear of Will,
What did he mean ſo fair a Soil to ſpill?
He turn'd about, and told me in my Ear,
That Judgement did not think it worth his Care,
So neither Plow nor Sickle muſt come there.
I thankt my Guide, and turn'd to come away
To view another Scene by Light of Day.
Now ſatiate with the Beauties of the Wood,

I threw my Eyes abroad upon the Flood;
Where underneath a coſtly Canopy
I ſaw infamous *Cleopatra* ly;
I ſaw the mighty *Cæſar* in her Arm,
Feaſting his guilty Eyes on every Charm.
With wondring Eyes I lookt on *Anthony*,
Who meanly turn'd his Back on Victory;
Whoſe Paſſion brake the ſacred ſocial Ty,
And burſt the Bond of pure Humanity,
Burnt up the Soil of filial Piety,
And all to pleaſe a fabled Deity.
I was a Witneſs, when the dread Command
Cry'd wrench the Sword of Honour from his Hand,
Virtue's a Slave, Corruption muſt command,
I ſaw her o're his Head inſulting ſtand.
In a dark Room, I ſaw *Octavia* ly,
A Melting ſpectacle of Miſery.
Fair was her Face, but ah how deadly pale!
Her lovely Eyes with Grief began to fail,
Her charming Shape in ſtrange Diſorder lay,
No Care for it; it's Maſter was away.
What have I done? ſaid ſhe to make him fly,
Of all my Kind the wretchedeſt am I!
Tell me, my Words, did ye provoke him? No,
If e're ye did, from Thoughts ye did not flow:
Or did I e're inſult him with my Eyes?

Tell

Tell me, ye Gods. where the ſad ſecret lyes,
Or hath ſome charming Rival got my Place;
Oh ſees my Lord no deeper than a Face!
He ſaw my Form, and did not ſeem diſpleas'd,
Sure he muſt be fantaſtickly diſeas'd.
Why do I love to this diſtracted Height!
Why don't I drive his Image from my ſight!
What Storm hath blown my Eagle from his Neſt,
Of what ſtrange Frenzy am I now poſſeſt,
In ſpight of all he reigns within my Breaſt!
Two little Infants right before her ſat,
Both drown'd in Tears, and could not tell for what.
From fair *Octavia*'s Eyes they took the Dart,
Pure Nature taught them both to bear a Part.
Here hung his Sword, and there his Coat of Arms,
All theſe are lookt upon as Magick Charms.
The little Infants nat'rally inquire,
And ſmile with Pleaſure at the Name of Sire.
Mean while the Storm does in her Boſom riſe,
Which drives th' impetuous Torrent to her Eyes;
And while her Knees the Infants ſit upon,
The whole Foundation's ſhaken by a Groan;
At length the tottering Structure fell to Clay,
And the thrice glorious Spirit fled away.
Three different Claſſes I at once ſurvey'd,
And then at laſt to *Roſalinda* cry'd;

Sure thou haſt Cauſe to count thy Lot the beſt,
Thine is the neareſt Claſs unto the bleſt;
The pureſt Springs that are below the Sun,
Do from thy conſecrated Paſſion run:
No guilt or Horrour on your Loves attend,
Affection hath its moſt exalted End.
Pure Love, and purer Duty are it's Aims,
Such are the Incenſe of thy hallow'd Flames:
At Death thoul't leave thy Honours to thy Line,
Thy Sun but ſets, that he may brighter ſhine.

To *Lucretia.*

MARK me, *Lucretia*, if thou art alive,
And hate thy ruin'd Virtue to ſurvive;
Sit ſtill, and never plot to change thy State,
Nor look above to a relentleſs Fate,
Wiſe Heaven ſays, thou cannot come to late.
Should thoſe, who hate all Truth, preſcribe our Laws?
Should a corrupted Judge decide a Cauſe,
Whoſe Intreſt gives or takes away Applauſe?
What tho' Impatience drive thy burning Blood,
As raging Winds by Force of formed Wood
Doth cut a Paſſage thro' the yielding Flood.
Although that Storm ſhould come to ſplit thy Veins,
Such Guiltleſs Blood leaves no deforming Stains,
Nor can expoſe thee to eternal Pains.

To *Cleopatra.*

WHAT can the Triumphs of thy Beauty boaſt?
Since what thou gain'd is leſs than what is loſt.
Tho' richeſt Purple ſerve thee for a Sail,
Tho' all Perfumes were waſted with thy Gale,
Tho' thou ſhould ſwim thro' liquid Gold as Seas,
And ſleep on Down; 'tis all inglorious Eaſe.
A royal Vice is written on the Brow,
High Eminence but feis it more in View;
Although ten thouſand Pens thy Story write,
As many Thouſands do bluſh at the ſight;
When thou art nam'd, each modeſt Cheek grows red,
Nay, even in Hell thou art not honoured.
I thought it Time to leave the hateſull Sink,
When thoughtleſs Paper grew aſham'd of Ink,
And left frail Nature in her ſhameſull Chain
So throughly mortified, ſhe felt no Pain.
Careleſs of Fame, inſenſible of Loſs,
Meaſuring all Deeds by ſucceſs and by Gloſs,
Come tell me, what haſt thou by Conqueſt gain'd,
A glorious Cauſe haſt thou ſo long maintain'd,
Heaven, Earth, Fame, Virtue, Beauty, Wit, and Soul,
All ſunk at once in one poor poiſon Boul.

Intent

Intent on Change, my Muſe quick upward flew,
Athenian like, to ſearch for ſomething new,
When Crouds of Ideas ruſh'd into my Mind
So faſt, it almoſt made my Judgment blind.
Here Joy in Triumph drives along the Mind,
And to his Chariot Wheel doth ſorrow bind,
Sets all his Objects in the higheſt Light,
The Various Beauties make but one Delight.
Pure Joy and Love were Twins of Heavenly Birth,
Both in one Moment were detacht to Earth.
Joy ſeem'd to me to light his golden Lamp,
When Truth return'd a Victor from the Camp.
Next I beheld him ſtanding by the Flood,
Where he in Order laid the hallow'd Wood,
As if he meant to offer Sacrifice
To the almighty Ruler of the Skies;
Here ſympathetick Grief and Fear were ſlain.
I ſaw the Victim's Blood the River ſtain.
Pleas'd I beheld the joyfull Votary
With heaving Breaſt and Hands uplifted, Cry,
Thanks to the Gods for that auſpicious Gale,
That blew into my honeſt Neighbour's ſail.
Here did exaſp'rat ſorrow break his Chains,
Pull off the Charriot Wheel and cut the Reins;
Leſt the proud Victor full of mortal Wounds.

And all his glaring Equipage confounds.
I ſaw the Tide of Grief o'erflow in Tears,
Her Gale was Cautious, and oft Cauſeleſs Fears;
It roſe amain at Infants nameleſs Pains,
Up Hills it climbs, to cut the Martyr's Chains.
It flows o'er the degenerate and the Dead,
And echo's to the wounded Shepherd's Reed.
Love ſeem'd to me a bright and ſparkling Flame,
Virtue her Feuel, and her ſmoak was Fame.
Hatred was keep'd by Reaſon cloſs confin'd,
Leſt it ſhould ſow Corruption in the Mind:
Like other Paſſions faſt in Chains it lay,
Leſt it the Crown of Reaſon ſhould betray,
She cannot firmly love, who does not hate,
For Coolneſs ſhews an undetermin'd State,
Or Want of Knowledge, Good or Bad to chuſe,
Or want of Courage, ſomething to refuſe.
This pretty Prude, diſcreet Indifference,
Is but a Coward, void of common ſenſe.
Below the Paſſions Appetites were plac'd,
By theſe the Sphere of Paſſion is diſgrac'd:
Familiar Converſe leſſens their Degree,
Whoſe proper Task is pure ſublimity.
Theſe Appetites conſpire to looſe the Reins,
By Nature much inclin'd to cut their Chains;
And yet 'tis ſeldom known that they rebell,

Save when they take the Hint from Sin and Hell.
False Wit, false Dress, false Love, Bribes and Rewards,
Are the Corruption of the royal Guards.
Thus Passions grow the slaves of Appetites,
I do not say that they are Opposites,
Because all solid Joy in Virtue meets.
Blame not the GOD of Nature for a Sin,
As if he plac'd thy Plague thy Frame within.
He made us pure, our Parents pull'd the Fruit,
False Knowledge is of all our Ills the Root:
'Tis it that gives a Gloss to every Vice,
False Appetite makes the unworthy Choise.
My restless Muse would higher yet aspire,
She left these Lamps of intellectual Fire
To view that Sun, from whence these Rayes are brought
That shine resplendent on the humane Thought.
Plain did I feel, but ah I could not see;
There was a Vail thrown o'er Divinity
Or rather thrown upon Humanity:
Yet thro' the Vail I saw his forming Hand,
Who fill'd old *Saturn*'s Glass with running sand.
Who form'd the Wings, on which we see him fly;
I heard the awfull Voice forbid his stay.
He brought the new born *Phœbus* from the dark,
He fram'd the universal Water Work,
He brought old *Ocean* from a Den of Clay,

His

His Keys unlockt the Dungeon where he lay,
He went before him and cut out his Way,
I ſaw the Water Work thro' Nature play.
He rais'd the Stage of humane Action firſt,
He form'd a Set of Actors out of Duſt.
His Pencile painted Nature's gaudy ſcenes,
He fill'd with Blood implicite Nature's Veins.
His Wiſdom laid the providential Scheme
His interprizing SPIRIT wrote the Theme,
His glorious Deeds gave Wings to flying Fame.
My Heroe is no leſs than Heaven's King,
No ſhorter than Eternity his Reign,
No leſs than Heaven and Earth can be his Stage,
His glorious Deeds are ſeen in every Age.
All ſymmetry did from above deſcend,
Say can it's Author miſs to be it's End.

On *Fame.*

FAME is a Shadow, Virtue is a Sun,
Fame cannot be detain'd when Virtue's gone.
Fame never had a Miſtreſs but one,
No Hope could make her ſtay when ſhe was gone
No Fear could make her leave her all alone.

Exalted Image, tall as Noon Day's ſhade,
Who does not prize the Princeſs Virtue's Maid,
Submiſſive Servant, faithfull Confident,
Thou never left her whereſoe're ſhe went.
Fame is the ſecond Good, but not the beſt,
Who dare preſume to ſay ſhe is a Blaſt?
Sure if ſhe be, ſhe is a heavenly one;
There is no Joy on Earth, when Fame is gone.
Fame uhers Virtue to the Infants Breaſt,
Fame gathers Leaves and Straws to build the Neſt
And hovers o'er her in her Hours of Reſt.
Say, fair Illuſion, whether ſhould I go;
Where Fame would lead me yet I do not know.
I ſhall not follow, thou ſhalt follow me,
I ſcorn to face about to hunt for thee.
The Hoodwinkt Heroe faints, when thou retires,
If thou art hid, his Courage all expires,
He takes thee for thy Miſtreſs, fy for ſhame,
Thou art too modeſt to uſurp the Name.
Thou ſcorns to touch, when Juſtice gives no Claim,
And yet for all I've ſaid, thou art but Fame.

On a true Lover of Society.

HAIL generous Soul! Society's true Friend,
Soon may thy Joys begin and never end.

O may thou never leſs ſucceſsfull be
In thy Deſigns, than thou haſt been on me.
How loſty ſound the Letters of thy Name,
Far may it fly upon the Wings of Fame,
And may thy Conduct ſtill be free of Blame.
The richeſt, wiſeſt, faireſt, Maid, be thine,
And live unwrinkled by the Courſe of Time.
Bright may ſhe in the ſphere of Virtue ſhine,
Thy Nuptial Bed a numerous Off-ſpring grace,
May never foul Diſhonour ſtain thy Race,
And may the Guardian of thy Children be
Faithfull to thine, as thou haſt been to me.

On Religion.

IT is the Soil of divine Gratitude,
It is the Seed of conſcious Fortitude,
It is the Root of humane Rectitude,
It is the Rule of faireſt Aptitude,
It is a Tower of higheſt Altitude,
It is a Star of greateſt Magnitude,
It is the loweſt Depth and greateſt Hight,
The talleſt Shade begot by pureſt Light,

'Tis vaſt Circumference unmeaſured Length,
The Power of Weakneſs ſpringing up in ſtrength,
It is the Fountain, Ocean, Source, and Spring,
'Tis every Thing that's worthy of a King.

On *Faith.*

THRICE glorious Theme! and more than happy Muſe,
At length led back, her ancient Theme to chuſe;
Sweet Sire of ſolid Virtue, welcome Home,
Why didſt thou leave me through the Clouds to roam,
Where black Diſpair did triumph o're my Mind,
Whoſe Rage had made the Eye of Reaſon blind.
Do'ſt thou not mind, how ſad I was, before
I ſaw thy Face? and when the ſtorm was o're,
How glad I was, when firſt thou Silence broke.
Why left thou me from Tree to Tree to Cope?
Was it to break the ſtrength of Natural Pride,
That thou ſo long declin'd to be my Guide?
Well, if it was, thou haſt thy End obtain'd;
I ſee that ſelf Exiſtance is but feign'd:
'Tis plain, all Virtues owe their Life to thee,
By thee We triumph o're Infirmity,
Thou art the Pledge of Man's Indemnity.
By thee Heaven ſtorm'd the Entrance of the Ear,

By

By thee came the firſt Guſt of filial Fear:
Thou art that Sun, whoſe Soul refreſhing Beams
Are firſt perceiv'd in penitential Streams.
'Tis thou that ſets the Soul and ſenſe at ſtriſe,
'Tis thou gives Acceſs to the Tree of Life.
Thou turns the darkeſt Night to gladſome Day,
By thee the flaming Sword is ta'en away;
By thee Diſpair is driven from his Hold,
Weak trembling Souls are by thy Means made bold.
What mighty Works have by thine Hand been wrought;
'Twas thou that knit the broken Chain of Thought.
Reaſon may be, where thou haſt never been,
But without Reaſon, thou art never ſeen.
Where thou art known, thou cannot abſent be,
But Floods of Tears muſt flow at Loſs of thee.
Great is thy Worth, where rightly underſtood,
Thou gives a Title to all ſolid Good,
Thou keeps the Keys of Heav'ns Magazine;
Thou by an Art, not humane but divine,
Doeſt ſhow the Wound, and gives the Medicine.
By thee all generous Souls are kept in Aw,
When freed from all the Terrours of the Law.
'Tis not a Whip, a Gallows, nor a Grave,
The common Bug-bears of a Common Slave,
Nor loſs of Wealth, nor is it publick ſhame,
Nor a conſuming Cancer felt in Fame,

That

That wound the Mind, but its Ingratitude,
By which thy Worth is ſooneſt underſtood.
The Beams of Mercy make the Soul to melt,
By it thy Warming Beams are ſooneſt felt.
Sweet Cord of conſcious Love, faſt may thou bind,
Who wou'd not wiſh by thee to be confin'd?
O let me never be at Liberty,
Till on the Confines of Eternity.
Of ſuch a Chain no Angel e're cou'd boaſt,
No Saviour came for them, when they were loſt.
Let theſe Reflections tune my Harp for Praiſe,
Throughout th' uncertain Number of my Days.

Adam's *firſt Reflections upon himſelf.*

STRANGE! what am I, from whence, of what (compos'd,
Or why above the Brutes by Reaſon rais'd?
If there is Cauſe, in Me it is not lodg'd,
Why more than they I ſhould be dignifi'd,
Merit I could not boaſt, nor did aſpire,

E're

E're of a conſcious Soul I was poſſeſs'd.
Eſteem or Love my Matter could not boaſt,
While undiſtinguiſh'd from the Common Duſt.
Then ſure, in Me the Gifts of Nature are
Of divine Bounty the unmix'd Effect.
Duſt is my Sire, my Kin are crawling Worms,
To ſavage Brutes I nearly am ally'd;
Yet how unlike to Me my Brethren Beaſts,
Thoughtleſs upon the tender Herbs they feed,
No Appetites of Mind they ſeem to have.

On the End of Creation.

TO Me the End of Life quite different ſeems,
For Me a noble Task my Prince intends;
Lo, to the Stake the animating Prize,
The Crown eternal in my View is plac'd,
For me the golden Rule of Life was writ,
Of ſacred Truth, my Boſom is the Book;
At what a vaſt expence was I equipt,
To travail on the Embaſſy of Life,
For Me to Earth th' Angelick Guards are ſent,
Whoſe charge I am, while loyal to my King,

Adam's

Adam's *Reflections upon his Soul.*

'TIS not my Regularity of Shape.
My flored Hue, nor yet my gracefull Mein
I boaſt, nor yet the Organs of my Senſe:
For theſe in ſome Degree the Brutes can boaſt,
But hallowed Reaſon's Fire within my Breaſt
My Soul with Love and Gratitude inſpires.
Amaz'd I ſtand, as oft as I behold
The divine Youth call back the winged Poſt,

Memoirs.

And in Effect read o're the News again,
How ſagely Reaſon on the hardeſt Point,

Judgement.

Then fold it up, and bid the Poſt begone.
Next uſe the Help of the perſpective Glaſs,
To view afar the doubtfull Conſequence.

Forethoughts.

Of what art thou compos'd, dear prying Thing,
Or in what Part of me doeſt thou reſide?
No humane Search can find the Lodging out;
Say, in what cloſs Receſs art thou conceal'd,
Thou art not mingled with thoſe Elements,

Of

Of which my brittle Fabrick is compos'd,
Nor in the Regions of external Senſe
Can I ſuppoſe thy Habitation is;
Thou ſeems to me a never quenched Spark,
Sprung from the Lamp of unaproached Light,
Blown up into a Flame of Conſcious Love.

Reflections on divine Wiſdom.

OH! why was I not ſooner Witneſs made
To all the Wonders of creating Power!
Or why in ſable Darkneſs untill now
Were all the Glories of his Wiſdom hid?
Why do I ask, or how can I expect
To be reſolv'd in this; for who can boaſt
He knows the Councels of th' Eternal ſtate,
Within no humane Breaſt his ſecret lys.
Sure thou muſt be eternal Cauſe of all,
No Gourd like me, who in a Moment liv'd,
But ſomething of a far more ancient Date.
At thy Command old *Chaos* took a Form,
Confuſion fled, and Symmetry took Place;
The formleſs Maſs of Matter full in Parts,
Each took the Place by thee to him aſſign'd.
The golden Scepter to the *Sun* thou gave,
Who claims the ſole Aſcendant of the Day;

His Oath of firm Fidelity he took,
That to his Subjects he ſhould ſtill be true,
To cheriſh every Flow'r and Plant below
In him that quickning Influence, thou lodg'd,
On which ſo many Thouſand Inſects live,
As his implicite Penſioners of State.
The Silver Mantle to the *Moon* thou gave
With the Dominion of the ſable Night.
Thou gave the fixed *Stars* their Influence,
With their appointed Hours to rule by Turns.
Thou haſt devouring *Fire* in Priſon lock'd,
In thine almighty Hand the Key remains.
The Magazines of *Thunder* thou haſt ſeal'd;
The treaſure Houſe of *Froſt*, and ſtores of *Snow*,
Thou never haſt committed unto Man.
The liquid Element thy Hand diſperſt
In Floods and Fountains, Lakes and little Springs,
To quench our Thirſt and fructifie our Fields.
All Nature is of thy grand Livery proud,
And boaſts herſelf thy glorious Workmanſhip,
From *Lebanon*'s tall Cedar even unto
The trembling Willow by the chryſtall Brook.
No Tree nor Shrub meets my admiring Eye,
Upon whoſe maſſie Rind I cannot read
Moſt legible the wiſe Creator's Name:
The bubling Springs do murmure out his Praiſe,

Who

Who gave the liquid Element a Law;
The brisker Streams aloud his Praiſe proclaim,
The roaring Floods his liquid Trumpets are.
Where ſilent Nature ſings, can I ſit mute?
Whoſe taſte all theſe were made to gratifie.
How much muſt I, with concious Powers endu'd,
Adore that GOD, by whom all theſe were made.

Adam's *Reflections on his own Creation.*

WHAT powerfull Voice hath ſpoke me into Life!
What raviſh'd Eye beheld the ſudden Change!
Sure *Angels* were with bleſsfull Rapture fill'd,
To ſee the Wonders of creating Power.
A Spirit call'd without a vocal Sound,
A Piece of Clay without an Ear obey'd;
Up into humane Form I quickly roſe,
Warm through my Channels ran the purple Stream,
Surpriz'd was I my ſelf at firſt to ſee,
So glorioufly adorn'd by divine Art.
I made a Mirrour of the chryſtall Stream,
And in the ſame without a Wiſh beheld
The choiceſt Pearls Nature e're could boaſt.
All Ornament to me ſuperfluous ſeem'd,
But what by Nature was beſtow'd on me.

Vaſt was my Empire, and my Palace fair,
Num'rous my Train, my Revenue was rich;
My Palace was by Stars illuminate,
The Sun's triumphant Charriot welcom'd me,
At decent Diſtance all my Subjects ſtood.
Tranſported I the GOD of Nature view'd;
Oh! why, ſaid I have I reflecting Powers,
And not a Creature of my Kind but me;
To Earth in Pairs all Creatures come but mine,
This Happineſs wants ſomething of compleat,
To whom can I communicate my thoughts,
My Pleaſures for the Brutes are too refin'd,
From all impulſes to Devotion free,
How can they join with me thy Name to praiſe?

Adam *on the Formation* Eve.

SO ſaid; I laid me on the tender Graſs,
And gaz'd about new Beauties to behold,
Of which a vaſt Variety I ſaw.
The Radiant Sun reſpectfull Diſtance kept,
Leſt by too near Approach he ſhould offend,
Whi'lſt gentle Zephyr Nature's cooling Fan
Play'd on my tender Frame, and me refreſh'd.
Exceſs of Pleaſure lull'd me firſt aſleep,
Thus by my kind Creator an Arreſt

Was

Was clapt on all the Organs of my Senſe:
His forming Hand he thought not fit to ſhew,
Yet in his Work I could his Wiſdom read;
The fair unſpotted Object met mine Eyes,
When from my Slumber I at firſt awoke,
Surpriz'd was I too ſee ſo fair a Form,
So like my Self in Feature, Shape and Mein:
But ſhe indeed ſeem'd far more delicate,
I at an awfull Diſtance ſtood amaz'd,
And took her for a Form of painted Air.
But when reſolv'd to be convinc'd by Touch,
I found her ſolid Subſtance, not a ſhade;
Her Hand I ſeiz'd, bluſhing ſhe ſtarted back.
No wonder if the Nymph was delicate,
Whom humane Hand before had never touch'd,
Nor mortal Eye had ever look'd upon:
Each Infant Grace ſpoke ſpotleſs Innocence,
From the leaſt Taint of Affectation free;
Not fullſome fond, nor artfully ſevere;
I read the Law of Honour in her Eyes,
The Sum of which was divine Gratitude,
Which far outſhone all her exteriour Charms.
At large my Thoughts rang'd the *Idalian* Grove,
E're the Infectious Weed of Sin was ſprung:
Deſires all plac'd at of too large Extent
My Soul was yet an utter Stranger to.

In ſuch a noble Sphere my Paſſion mov'd,
As though expos'd could not a Bluſh produce,
Nor in repeating ſhock the niceſt Ear.

Adam's *firſt Addreſs to* Eve.

HEARST Thou, fair *Eve*, ſaid I, my charming Charge,
Endearing Object of my tender Care,
Knoweſt thou from whence thou came, or for what End
Thy Soul in this refined Frame was lodg'd?
Thou waſt at firſt a ſingle Rib of mine,
Tho' thou art now a Fabrick moſt compleat,
Like mine thy Soul a Ray of divine Light,
We from one Origin did both deſcend.
Thou art my Silver Moon, I am the Sun,
On thee I will my brighteſt Beams reflect,
Thou ſhalt as Regent reign when I retire,
On thee my Train of twinkling Stars ſhall wait,
With thee the mutual Interchange of Thought
Is not the leaſt of Bleſſings here below.
Thou art my laſt Requeſt, and that obtain'd,
Faint Wiſhes are in higheſt Raptures loſt.
Let us in Conſort join his Name to praiſe,
Whoſe skilfull Hand the Inſtrument hath tun'd,

Who from above the Scale of Muſick ſent,
And with ſuch pleaſing Theme hath furniſh'd Us.
Thus we upon a lofty Key began
My multiplied Rib and I to ſing:
We acted in the univerſal Quire,
As joint Precenters to the feathered Hoſt;
Who numberleſs about us throng'd to ſee,
And then in Conſort join'd themſelves to ſing,
Till ſilent Hills turn'd vocal by the ſound.
Our joint Addreſs concluded, up we roſe,
And I, in Compliſance to my fair Spouſe,
Led her through many a ſhady Grove and Walk,
To view the Works of Nature exquiſite:
And for Amuſement on this pleaſant Range,
I did to her the Royal Law repeat,
As by the bright *Schechina* it was given.
Hearſt thou fair *Eve*, ſaid I, all that thou ſeeſt,
Was all to us for Food and ſervice made;
Th' Inhabitants of Earth, and Air, and Sea,
Were in Subjection put to thee and me:
Uſe at thy Pleaſure all that thou beholds,
Or pick and chuſe, what thou thy ſelf thinks beſt,
None of thy Senſes here it's Objects wants.
But mark, ſaid I, behold, here is a Tree,
For Proof of our Obedience ſet apart;
In it's fair Fruit a triple Death is lodg'd

By the unalterable Law of Heaven:
For what we are, and what we do poſſeſs,
Obedience is all the Rent we pay,
Small ſum indeed for ſuch a Penny-worth,
What Fool would loſs his Claim to Life for this.
With Ear attentive ſhe the Precept heard,
As apt to learn and ready to obey;
Which in a pleaſing Tranſport I beheld,
And ſtraight pronounc'd my Happineſs compleat.

The firſt Temptation.

NOW of Retirement both of us make Choice,
To meditate on what in Converſe paſt,
Or feaſt our Eyes on Beauties yet unknown.
From Walk to Walk ſhe paſt, untill ſhe came
Directly up unto the fatal Tree.
Her Eyes on the forbidden Fruit ſhe fix'd,
And often wiſh'd it had not ſo been fenc'd:
Fix'd were her Eyes, till by her Ears remov'd
By ſounds articulate from brutal ſhape;
The like before her Ears had never heard.
Why ſtands thou ſo with Heſitation fill'd,
The Serpent cry'd, this Weakneſs is a Fault,
Had I, like thee, of Knowledge been afraid,
I had like other Brutes been prone and dumb,

Can thou behold it's Colour on the Tree,
It's fragrant ſmell and divine Influence,
Yet ſtupid ſtand, and not thereof partake?
Try but how far it other Fruit excells,
'Twill turn thy humane Nature to divine,
Thou ſhalt of God-like Knowledge be poſſeſs'd,
Thy Soul thereby will more capacious grow.
I will not touch, ſaith *Eve*, nor will I taſte;
My Life is lodged in my Abſtinence,
My kind Creator ſet that Tree apart,
One ſingle Proof of our Obedience.
Had he not known the Nature of that Fruit,
The Serpent cry'd, it had not ſo been fenc'd:
Too well he knows, it's divine Influence
Would ſet thee on a Level with himſelf.
The fatal Seed of Curioſity,
Sown by the Tempter, now began to work.
'Twixt Hopes of Flight and ſurer Fears of Fall,
Trembling ſhe lifts her Arm to pluck the Fruit,
Panting to touch, while ſhe the ſame beholds,
But when to mind the Precept ſhe recalls,
With ſecret Horrour down ſhe pulls her Arm,
Fear now relinquiſht, lifts it up again:
Down from the fatal Tree a Branch ſhe breaks,
And eating Fearleſs unto me returns,
Who knew no Cauſe her Conduct to ſuſpect,

Deceit and Fraud to us were Words unknown.
She gave me Fruit, I did as freely eat,
Nor did I ask her, where ſhe had the ſame.
Scarce had the deadly Poyſon reach'd my Throat,
Till I it's dire Effects began to feel;
My Eyes were op'ned to the ſenſe of Loſs,
And from that Hour I give a Date to ſhame:
Like flaming Fire thro' every Vein it ran,
Pale Horrour ſhock'd my Elemental Frame:
Far more inſufferable than the Rack
Was the tremendous Conqueſt of Deſpair,
Which o're the Face of all our ſhort liv'd Joys
Had thrown the ſable Vail, through which no Ray
Of Light, by humane Eyes could be perceiv'd.
Far from our Eyes the GOD was now remov'd,
And left us to the Dictates of our Senſe.
The Load-ſtone's Virtue loſt, where could we ſteer,
While in a Tempeſt on the Ocean toſt.
Wiſdom and Goodneſs then their Charge reſign'd,
And left Us of their Counſels deſtitute.
Revengefull Juſtice came with dreadfull Claim,
And clapt Arreſt on all that We poſſeſt;
The Deput Conſcience juſtifies the Deed,
And boundleſs Power hung hovering o'er our Heads.
Who can deſcribe the dreadfull Change of Life?
Our large extended Views of Things divine

Are now contracted into little Bounds:
False Ideas we form, and wild Conceit
In our Imaginations built their Neſt.
Thus was that glorious Temple built at firſt
In Honour to it's mighty Founders Name,
Turn'd to a loathſome Cage for Birds unclean.
Ah *Eve*! ſaid I, from whence had thou this Fruit?
But why do I enquire; too plain I feel
By it's tormenting Influence, it is
Of all our Happineſs the fatal Price;
And haſt thou ſold both Heaven and Earth for Fruit!
Thy ſelf the fatal Fruit of my Requeſt.
What Vengeance haſt thou drawn upon our Heads!
What Multitudes unborn in Us are curſt!
Look up and ſee the univerſall Change;
All Nature ſeems in Weeds of Mourning dreſt,
The lovely Mantle of the Earth is rent,
To ſhow Reſentment of Ingratitude,
The Winds, which his Indulgence kept in Chains,
Are now let looſe to blaſt our wild Intents,
The wholſome Air is peſtilential grown.
Look up and ſee, the Fire takes Place of Air,
Mark how the Water bears away the Earth,
The Elements have all their Limits loſt,
And turn again into a general Chaos.
Would We could be to liſeleſs Atoms chang'd!

From whence this Wiſh to be annihilate?
From whence, but from the Depths of black Diſpair.
Ah fatal Knowledge! how am I inform'd
Of many a Thing to me before unknown.
Knowledge it ſelf in me is grown corrupt,
Which bore at firſt the Image of my GOD;
Thus vile Infection hath it ſelf diffus'd
Through all the Chryſtal ſprings of Memory,
Which poiſon all the Actions of my Life:
Invention, which wiſe Heaven at firſt put laſt,
Of all my intellectuall Powers is now become the firſt.
What can this impotent Invention do?
What Plan can this infernal Knowledge draw?
What will this treacherous Memory retain?
Sure Nothing but the wounding ſenſe of Loſs.
In vain Invention ſtrives to hid my Crime,
By ſlight Pretences and poor ſervile Art,
To which my Mind at firſt diſdain'd to ſtoop.
Falſe Knowledge quickly will produce on Earth
A World leſs like the firſt, than natural Death
Is like immortal Life,
Poiſon in Plants till now I ne'er perceiv'd.
No nor in creeping Things perceiv'd I Venom;
The harmleſs Herbs are Miniſters of Death.
See, how enrag'd the Sun himſelf conceals,
The bluſhing Moon hath vail'd her ſelf for ſhame,

The glittering Stars retire to ſhun our Eye,
Mark how the tow'ring Eagle quites her Prey,
The Beaſts of Prey are ſeiz'd with pannick Fear;
With glaring Eyes enrag'd at us they ſtare,
As if by Inſtinct they could read our Crime.
Ah! how I feel the mortal Poiſon work,
How it inflames the Maſs of wholeſome Blood!
The equall Poiſe of Humours is no more
On which the State of Health ſo much depends.
How loathſome is thy Breath to me become,
Once, more delicious than the choiceſt Flowers;
Our pure refined Blood grows groſs and foul,
And taints our Whiteneſs with deforming Spots.
Why chid'ſt thou me? ſaid *Eve*, knew I Deceit,
Who was a Stranger to the Art of Life;
I ſaw no Creature of my Kind but thee,
How could I miſs to be the Serpent's Victim,
Who could believe a Brute could frame a Plot?
Thou knew, ſaid *Adam*, how that Tree was ſenc'd,
Three different Deaths were ſet to guard the Fruit:
Where got thou Courage, to break through them all,
How could thou venture to liſt up thine Arm,
To pull that fatal Fruit at ſuch a Price,
The juſt Reward of that indecent Step.
Haſt thou receiv'd, and I muſt ſhare with thee,
If of a Brute thou a Companion made;

No Wonder if thou'rt like him become,
I ſaw the ſageſt Brute that e're was made,
And never could exchange a Word with one,
Unus'd to ſuch Affronts. Away She fled,
And by a Willow ſet her down to mourn
The dreadfull Change of Things on her Account,
And fainted into Vapours at the Thought.
Compaſſion ſeiz'd my Heart, I could not ſtay,
But ran to ſee her in her Solitude,
Where ſhe as yet a living Inſtance lay
Of the tremendous Conſequence of Sin:
I rais'd her up; and, to allay her Grief,
Spoke all the kindeſt Things I could invent.
To work we fell to join the Leafs of Trees,
For coverings to ſecure us from the Air,
Which was too nipping and inclement grown,
That every Moment threatned us with Death:
But long we ſat not e're the Cloud return'd,
Th' Almighty's Arrow to the Head was drawn;
Unvail'd before our Eyes we both beheld
The mighty Arm of ſtrong Omnipotence,
High lifted up, to fetch a deadly Blow,
At once to ſink to Hell all humane Kind.
Ten thouſand thouſand Thunders fill'd his Hand,
What ſtrength had we his Anger to ſuſtain.
Ah mournfull Change! what Raptures of Delight,

What Extacies of Joy once fill'd my Soul,
At Sight of thy all cheering Smiles, my GOD.
But that was paſt, we to the Thicket fled,
To hid our ſelves among the ſhady Trees;
When lo! his Voice cry'd, *Adam* where art thou?
I am aſham'd, ſaid I, to meet thy Eyes unvail'd.

The Trial of Adam.

THOU art aſham'd, ſaid GOD, whence comes thy (Shame?
I ſaw thy Matter, e're it took a Form
Thou haſt no Vain, nor Muſcle, Joint, or Limb,
In all thy Frame, but what my Eyes behold;
I join'd them all, and gave each one it's Task,
No Deed of mine can give thee Cauſe to bluſh.
Can any Thing but Sin give Riſe to Shame,
Sure thou haſt eaten the forbidden Tree,
Or thy Invention had not took ſuch Aims.
Poor trembling *Adam* faintly made Reply,
The Woman, whom thou gav'ſt, brought me the Fruit,
I ate, and never knew from whence it came.

The Trial of Eve.

WHAT haſt thou done? ſaid GOD, to tim'rous *Eve*
Said She, the Serpent hath impos'd on me.

The Sentence paſt on the Serpent.

SINCE thou haſt ſhown thy Hate of Me in Man,
On whom I did my Spotleſs Image paint;
Henceforth the very Shape thou haſt aſſum'd,
Shall never more be rais'd above the Duſt;
Thou ſhalt not rear thee up, nor ſtand erect,
Nor charm the Ear by Clouds articulate;
But grov'ling in the Duſt thereon ſhalt feed:
Man ſhall not ſpare thee for thy comely Shape,
Thy florid Hue, nor all thy ſoothing Wiles,
But treat thee like a mortal Enemy,
As thou an unrelenting Spirit art;
No Advocate for thee ſhall interceed,
Nor joyfull Sound reach thy infernal Ear;
As thou without a Tempter firſt Tranſgreſs't
Both in the *Empyreum* and here below,
Thou ſhalt not ceaſe to tempt till Time be done;
But all in vain: for thou ſhalt not ſucceed
In thine Attempts on any Son of mine.
The Woman's Seed ſhall bruiſe thy guilty Head,
While thou canſt only come to reach his Heal.

The Sentence paſt on Eve.

THOU ſhalt indeed a num'rous Offspring have,
And num'rous Mis'ries ſhall their Birth attend,
Weeping ſhall they into the World come,
And weeping ſhall they to the Duſt return,
Thy ſole Deſign ſhall center in thy Lord,
Thy Will in low Subjection to his Power.

The Sentence paſt on Adam.

SINCE thou haſt tacitly given me the Lie,
And baſely bent thine Ear to *Eve* ſeduc'd,
I for thy Sake will henceforth curſe the Ground,
And fructifie thy Soil for Thorns and Briers.
What Food thou eat'ſt, thou ſhalt with Pain extort;
And after long and tedious Travel here,
Thou ſhalt return unto thy Mother Earth.

A Triumph ſung by Eve.

AVANT Diſpair, fly from the humane Breaſt,
Heaven never meant it for a Neſt

For ſuch a Bird as thee,
Heaven's greateſt Curſe
Moſt indulgent Nurſe
To all Impiety.
Dar'ſt thou preſume to ſhow thy guilty Face,
Within the Limits of a Place,
Where nothing like thy Self is ſeen?
What Right haſt thou to claim to me?
I'le ne're reſign my ſelf to thee,
Whatever I have been;
Tho' a long Life of Errors was made up,
Tho' blind Preſumption mix'd the pois'nous Cup.
Tho' every Hour be adding to my Sin:
What e're my Crimes have been, thou makes them ten Times (more,
Yet call the Reck'ning juſt, 'tis finite ſtill,
In ſpight of thine infernal Skill.
Infinite Worth a finite Sum can pay;
Liſt up thy Snares, and get thee hence away,
Tho' in my Nature be as many Stains
As there are Drops of Blood within my Veins,
The hallow'd Streams, that do from Mercy flow,
Will turn the redeſt Crimſon white like Snow.
In vain thou boaſted thine infernal Power,
To ruin every Grace;
Yet e're thou play'd the Tyrant for an Hour,

I ſaw thee baniſh'd with Diſgrace.
Go, get thee back to Hell,
'Tis there that thou ſhouldſt dwell.
Angels have no Advocate
Crimes to extenuate:
For evermore farewell.

Reflections on the Fall.

THUS was the coſtly Ship Humanity
Both built and launch'd into the Sea of Time,
And rigg'd and Mann'd and laden to the Brim
With as much value of intrinſick worth,
As would have been an everlaſting Fund,
To keep the Royal Navy in Repair.
With pure Deſires her ſilken Sails were fill'd,
And from the Cable to the ſmalleſt Cord,
Her Tacklings all were of unſpotted Love.
Wiſdom was Pilot, he the Channels knew,
His Knowledge was of an eternal Date:
For he had liv'd with the great Architect,
By him the univerſal Plan was drawn;
No Creek nor Shoal, but his diſcerning Eye
With Eaſe could reach, the diſtant ne're ſo far:
Th' imperial Heights were level to his View,
Nor could the Depths of Hell from him conceal.

Power was Lieutenant, at whoſe high Command,
With quick Diſpatch the Heaven born Paſſions ran.
All Appetites were ſubject to his Will,
Free Will was Captain, poor green headed Youth!
He could not long that Dignity poſſeſs,
Nor yet perform that mighty Task alone,
Few Leagues from Shore Humanity had launch'd,
When the bewitched *Syren* reach'd his Ear,
Soft were her Notes, her Numbers ſmooth and ſweet,
Ten thouſand Beautys ſhone in every Line;
Her Theme ſeem'd worthy of the greateſt Soul.
Knowledge, the darling of the GODS above,
The only Good prohibit here below!
What Happineſs, can be where thou art not?
What Trade can flouriſh where thou doeſt not come?
Thou art the Salt, that heals the poiſon'd Springs,
'Tis thee that fructifies the barren Soil,
Thy Virtue raiſes Man above the Brutes,
And ſets him on a level with the GODS.
So ſang the *Syren*, and by ſlow Degrees,
Came cloſely up unto the humane Ear,
The Name of Wiſdom ſet the Soul on Fire,
The Sparks of falſe Ambition upwards flew,
Quick through the Mind ran the devouring Flame,
Whoſe Veh'mence burnt all ſolid Knowledge up:
It's Rage brake through the Limits of Deſire,

The hallowed Veſſels caſt in divine Mould
By Wiſdom's Hand no Form at all retain'd:
Such was the Violence of infernal Fire,
It chang'd them all to liquid Streams of Gold,
Which uſeleſs o're the blackned Pavement ran.
Strange Havock Pride in humane Nature made,
True Glory to falſe Knowledge fell a Prey,
But who would ſpare theſe Toys to be a God?
And yet alas! 'twas but a Demi God,
A fabled Heaven and a cloudy Throne,
A Cloud could ne're ſuſtain a mortal Weight.
But ſtay, my Muſe, I quite forget my Port;
I did not find a ſide Wind in my Sail,
Nor could conceive from whence this ſlowneſs ſprang,
But ſadly dream'd, that like Humanity,
Either my Helm was broke, or I was Pilotleſs:
But now th' auſpicious Gale is in my Sail,
The Ocean ſmiles, the Miſt in Kindneſs flies;
Come get thee to the Top, and thou ſhalt ſee
A far the Grave of all our Happineſs,
On this inchanting Iſle 'twas firſt interr'd.
From thence the Sound of Wiſdom reach'd the Ear,
Which Innocence it ſelf could not reject,
Drunk with the Thirſt of Knowledge and of Rule,
Poor headleſs Freewill leapt upon the Shore,
Nor dreams he walks upon forbidden Ground,

But views the Magick Circle with Delight.
Lo! here a *Babel* to himſelf he builds,
To make himſelf an everlaſting Name,
And fondly writes his Epitaph in Duſt:
For when prohibite Knowledge felt the Touch,
Away it vaniſh'd like a Cloud of Smoak;
No ſingle Mark of Wiſdom there was ſeen,
But late Poſterity was left to read
In Tears the laſting Records of his Folly.
Here Freewill roves at large, and leaves his Charge,
When lo! juſt Heaven ſends her Plagues abroad,
The Tempeſt rages both on Sea and Shore,
Humanity is from her Anchor driven,
The airy Power of Self-exiſtence fell,
No ſingle Veſtage of the ſame was ſeen,
Affronted Wiſdom to his Center fled.
Power quites his Poſt, and Goodneſs upward fled.
All Order was in Deep Confuſion loſt,
Confounded Freewill ſtood upon the Shore,
And ſaw the Wealth of both the Worlds ſunk;
Seiz'd by Diſpair upon the Shore he ſtood,
Ruin behind, and red Revenge before:
No Friend he knew, nor thought on a Reprive;
When from behind the Scene ſoft Mercy ſtept,
Her God-like Form the Eyes of all attracts,
Her Garments were of pure unſpotted White,

Her Eyes were Flames of bright Seraphick Fire:
Upon her Lips a divine Sentence dwelt,
Her Accents warm'd the Soul and charm'd the Ear;
With jealous Eye ſhe views the ſetled Beam,
In which impartial Juſtice weighs the Cauſe,
Then calls to Mind that Heaven's Decrees are fix'd,
Next views the Pannel in a ſhower of Tears:
Unſeen I ſtood, ſaid She, to hear what paſt,
And own the Sentence worthy of a GOD,
In Me thou ſhalt be fully ſatisfied,
Lo! I am ſent to ſet thy Priſoner free;
Let Us Infinites on a Level ſtand,
And leave theſe finite Creatures to my Care,
What Strength have they thy Anger to ſuſtain?
Let all thy hidden Vengeance fall on Me,
From all Eternity have I been form'd
Within the Boſom of the Infinite.
No humane Power can his Decree reverſe.
Juſtice reply'd, if thou haſt heard it all,
'Tis very certain that thou muſt have heard,
He in Effect hath call'd my Ballance falſe:
Such Inſolence as this who can forgive?
I vindicate the Meaſures thou haſt taken,
Said Mercy, and thou ſhalt be ſatisfi'd;
I'll meet thee in the Perſon of a GOD.
Wiſdom reply'd, he tore and burnt my Scheme.

Mercy

Mercy reply'd, I'll draw it out again;
He ſpit upon my Face, and Purity,
Said Mercy here is Blood to make it clean.
Said Truth, he tacitly gave me the Lie.
Said Mercy, all his Debt is due by Me.
I'll dive into the loweſt Depth in Hell,
But I will bring this Jewel up again.
So ſaid, the Judge aroſe from off his Seat,
Pleas'd with the Purpoſe of his only Son,
Whoſe Thirſt of Glory center'd in his Love;
Nor leſs tranſported was the Advocate.
With this new Conqueſt over Juſtice made,
In Favours of the fall'n fav'rite Man.
Now Heaven is conquerd. Hell and Earth come next,
All Words are loſt in Thought at ſuch a View.
'Tis Time for Freewill to reſign his Charge,
He hath no Spirit for ſuch Interprize,
He only could perform who undertook,
He beſt could looſe the Seals who wrote the Book.
Four Thouſand Years Mercy ſeem'd in Suſpence,
Where in Suſpence nothing but Juſtice ſtood,
Where ſhe was ſeen her Face was ſcarcely known,
So dimly did the Light of Nature ſhine.
At length the long expected Period came,
Th' eternal Jubilee's proclaim'd abroad,
The King's confin'd to ſet the Subject free.

But ah! how few could underſtand his Words?
The *Syren*'s Song ſtill ringing in the Ear
Had drown'd the Muſick of the Spheres above.
What muſt he do to ſtorm or charm the Ear!
Could humane Wiſdom find a Method out,
Which was contryv'd to manage that Deſign?
If Innocence hath Charms, here is her Mirrour.
If Truth hath Force, here is her Magazine.
If Juſtice can convict, here is her Scale.
If Wiſdom can enrich, here is her Treaſure.
If Mercy's Beams can melt, here is her Sun.
Yet ſtupid to all theſe was humane Kind.
If Miracles could move, lo here they were!
By Miracle unto the World he came,
By Miracle again to Heaven he went.

The 1*ſt*, Pſalm.

HIS Joys are pure and permanent,
Who is ſincerely good;
Whoſe Heaven born Virtue owes it's Riſe
To divine Gratitude.

(2.)

Not to the corrupt Root of Pride,

Or mean and narrow Views;
But to a Principle of Life,
Which all the Soul renews.

[3.]

With Pleaſure he can make GOD's Law
His Study all the Day,
And every Precept of the ſame,
He labours to obey.

[4.]

That Man will wiſely ſhun the Paths,
Where the Deſtroyer goes;
And all the En'mies of his GOD,
He numbers with his Foes.

[5.]

He ſhall be like a Tree, that grows
By clear and wholeſome Streams,
Whoſe Boughs are hourly viſited
By warm refreſhing Beams.

[6.]

Her Leaves are always freſh and green,
Regaling is her Fruit,
As Seaſons of the Year proclaim
The Virtue of it's Root.

[7.]

Kind Heaven ſhall all his Labours crown,
While in that Path he treads:

But Heaven pours his Vengeance down
On guilty Rebel's Heads.

[8.]

Such head ſtrong Fools are juſtly made
The ſport of Providence:
No ſolid Comfort e're attends
The Proſylites of Chance.

[9.]

They ſhall not be allow'd a Vote,
At the laſt Judgment Day;
For why, the omnipreſent GOD
Hath marked out their Way.

The 2d, *Pſalm.*

WHAT madneſs makes theſe Infidels to rage?
Sure all their Threats are vain.
How long alas! will they maintain
Th' unequal War with ſtrong Omnipotence!
Who dares to riſe 'gainſt Heaven in their Defence?

(2.)

In vain do Mortals plot againſt the LORD,
And ſtrive to ſnatch away his Crown,
In vain they ſtrive to break the threefold Cord,
Which divine Clemency to Earth let down:

For in Deſpight of their infernal skill,
Hath he reveal'd his long conceal'd Decree;
His King is crowned upon *Zion* Hill,
Through all the Ages of Eternity.

[3.]

Lo! the Eternal ſits, and ſmiles to ſee
The Combinations of the Powers below,
The brutal Marks of Infidelity,
Which all the Actions of the Wicked ſhow.
Through Heaven and Earth the mighty LORD proclaims
The Prince MESSIAH for his only Son;
Whom all his Features of Divinity
In divine Portraiture are drawn upon.

[4.]

Lo! thou ſhalt ask, and I will give to thee
The very utmoſt Limits of the Earth;
By Right of Conqueſt thou art Heir to Me,
As thou from all Eternity art Heir by Birth.
I put an Iron ſcepter in thine Hand,
To break all thoſe, who at thy Sentence ſpurn;
I give thee full Commiſſion to command,
Whom Mercy cannot warm, ſhall Judgment burn.

[5.]

Therefore let Kings and Princes come,
And Kneel before their Advocate;
With humble Love and reverent Fear,

Embrace him on the Mercy Seat.
Come, own the Debt of Gratitude,
And make his Friendſhip ſure:
For if his Wrath begin to burn,
You cannot long endure.

The Song of *Moſes*.

THUS *Moſes* ſang, the darling Son of Fame,
To the unrival'd Author of his Theme;
So ſang the *Hebrew* Slaves, by Heaven unbound,
When they beheld their En'mies drown'd
How the Almighty triumph'd o're our Foes,
When at his dread Command the Tempeſt roſe;
Behind was *Pharaoh*'s Hoſt, before the Wilderneſs,
Alas, who could relieve us in this ſore Diſtreſs!
Now did the Foe inſult with Pride:
They ſaid, let us purſue, let us divide;
Theſe Slaves ſhall ſee the Fruit of all their Toil,
Their Wives and Children fall a lawfull ſpoil.
But thou, O GOD our Arm did prop,
Thou waſt the Object of our Father's Hope;
Lo! we will build a Temple unto thee,

To keep thy warlike Deeds in Memory.
Thou haſt an Arm omnipotent,
Thou haſt proclaim'd it's vaſt Extent,
When to the Winds thou a Commiſſion gave,
Forthwith they went, and digg'd thine En'mies Grave.
Forth from thy Noſtrils came the Blaſt,
By which the Floods in Heaps were caſt;
Obſequious at thy Command they ſtood,
Thou mad'ſt our Rearguard of the Crimſon Flood;
Thou pav'd a Road for Us amidſt the Sea,
And dry Land was, where thou ſaid, let it be.
Who is like thee among the God's?
Where is the Virtue of inchanting Rodes?
That they could not the ſwelling Seas divide,
And lead their choſen *Egypt* as a Guide.
Lo! at thy Call divided Streams unite,
And *Egypt's* Grave was made in *Iſrael's* Street;
Canaan ſhall melt, whenever this is told,
On *Moab*, Fear and Trembling ſhall take hold;
Terror ſhall ſeize on *Paleſtine*,
As ſoon as they ſhall hear the War is thine.
None ſhall preſume with *Iſrael* to diſpute,
But all thy Adverſaries ſhall ſit mute,
Till thou thy People haſt poſſeſs'd
Of that Inheritance, which thou of Old purchas'd.

On

On the prophane Author of the *Circaſſian.*

HENCE wild Idolater, wild Incence bring
To ſtore the Altars of that worthleſs Thing;
Touch not theſe rich Perfumes, they are unfit
To feed the nauſious Flames of corrupt Wit.
Might not a Heathen *Dido* be thy Theme,
Thy wanton Muſe from her might ſteal a Fame.
Leſs Inſolence in the Attempt would be,
Say, are theſe Limites too confin'd for thee,
That *Uzzah* like, thou needs would touch the Ark;
None ever try'd th' Attempt, but got a Mark.
Thou haſt a Mark, and yet thou doſt not ſee,
Thou bear'ſt the Brand of horrid Blaſphemie.
Thou doeſt a Cloud of falſe Ideas raiſe,
To vail the Glory of true Wiſdoms Rays.
He who lays wanton Wit in Wiſdoms Place,
Erects a Trophie to his own Diſgrace.

Jonah

Jonah *on the Loſs of his* Gourd.

WHAT have I gain'd by all theſe Perils paſt;
Who am preſerv'd to be a Wretch at laſt;
My Gourd is withered, ah what have I left!
In thee at once I am of all bereft.
When me, the Tempeſt did rock faſt aſleep,
A Subject full of Fear to Cauſe me weep.
The boiſterous Winds were Muſick to my Ear,
On Ocean's Breaſt I lay ſecure from Fear,
Till humane Kind reſign'd me up to Death,
Even then was I deny'd the Loſs of Breath.
When I was ſwallow'd up alive,
I did that living Death ſurvive;
Th' indulgent Fiſh reſign'd me up to Life,
And yet my Soul and Senſes are at Striſe;
One hates to go, the other hates to ſtay,
In Mercy, LORD, remove me hence away.

To the *Muſe.*

REFLECT on *Phaeton*'s Fall, raſh headleſs Muſe,
Wiſe Heaven hath not the Bounds of humane Views
Heaven fram'd the Structure of thy Mind,
By Heav'n are all thy Powers confin'd,
Or ſet at Liberty.
Thou canſt no more it's Bounds tranſgreſs,
Than thou canſt it's Decrees reverſe
Made from Eternity.

2.

If thou art Infidel enough to doubt
The Truth of that, lead all thy Forces out:
Where was Reaſon in the Day,
That humane Kind became a Prey
To Hell and Sin?
Could ſubtile Reaſon make a Key,
T'unlock Hell's Gates, to ſet him free
When he was in?

[3.]

Reaſon could not; 'tis vain for him to boaſt,

Who, like a Coward, fled, and left his Poſt,
When ever Heav'n began to frown,
He threw away his Robes and Crown
Amidſt the Overthrow:
His routed Army ran away,
His coſtly Things became a Prey
Unto his mortal Foe.

[4.]

On Time's impetuous Tide who doth not ſee
The coſtly Ruins of Humanity,
Driven by Tempeſt on the Shore;
Who ever knew their Worth, but muſt deplore
Th' ineſtimable Loſs?
Mine Eyes have ſeen the brighteſt Gold,
That e're was melted in a Mould,
As pale as common Droſs.

[5.]

Stand ſtill, my Muſe, at the ungrateſull Theme,
'Tis fond to mourn, 'tis impious to blame
Thou know'ſt the Effect of that Cauſe before,
Officious thou to count another's Score,
In which thou hadſt no ſhare;
Throw down the magnifying Glaſs,
Invented by a Foe it was
To bring thee in a Snare.

6. Reaſon

[6.]

Reaſon is but a Helm in Heaven's Hand,
Which the unerring Pilot doth command;
'Tis like a ſlender Piece of Wood,
To cut a Paſſage through the Flood
Contriv'd by humane Art:
When Heaven hath his Poſt reſign'd,
And giv'n Commiſſion to the Wind,
What Help can it import?

[7.]

As much as *Lazarus* lock'd in his Grave,
Can Reaſon covered with the imperious Wave,
'Tis quite diſabled for all Interprize,
Strange Thing to ſee a Corp ariſe,
When fetter'd Hand and Foot!
Yet when the Voice of Heav'n doth call,
In Pieces all his Fetters fall,
And ſtraightway he comes out.

[8.]

Thus Reaſon ſleeps and wakes by Heav'n's Decree;
Forgive me, thou, who boaſts of thinking free,
If I pronounce thy greateſt Joy,
Sweet ſelf Exiſtence but a Toy,
A meer deluding ſhade,
Invented only to amuſe

By ſuch as never had the Views
Of more than humane Aid.

On the *Phenix.*

COME, *Phenix*, come, if ſuch a Bird there be,
Point me out the happy Tree,
Where Boughs can boaſt they bear the Neſt,
Wherein thou lov'ſt to reſt:
O lead me to the envy'd Place,
Which thou doeſt with thy Preſence Grace.

(2.)

Arabia boaſts ſhe is the Spot of Earth,
Wherein thou firſt got Birth;
Doeſt thou never change thy Clime
In ſo vaſt a ſpace of Time;
What Entertainment haſt thou there,
That is not any other where?
Come Weſtward, noble Bird, and ſee
What Homage we will pay to thee.

[3.]

But hark! I hear *Arabia*'s Sons reply,

We

We enjoy Tranquillity
In a more enlarg'd Extent,
Than any other Contenent;
We poſſeſs a richer Soil,
With leſs Labour and leſs Toil
Than any Men below,
And live at greater Diſtance from a Foe.

[4.]

Our ſtately Trees all Kinds of Spices bear,
Our Fountains gratify the Ear,
Each Leaf in Conſort joins to pleaſe,
With the ſoft Whiſpers of the Evening Breeze;
Here doth *Phœbus* make his Bed,
'Tis by him ſhe's hither led:
Why ſhould not We the Honour have
To her a Reſidence to give?

[5.]

To our bleſt Land did Nature ſend the Fire,
In which her Mother did expire,
Five hundred Years ſhe liv'd a chaſt Exile,
Then dy'd upon the funeral Pile;
Out of her fragrant Aſhes came
This exalted Bird of Fame,
To *Phœbu's* burning Rays ſhe ows her Life,
In his chaſt Arms her Mother dy'd, ere ſhe was made a Wife

[6.]

Such Fables oft are told of thee,
Yet I confeſs thou ſeems to me
A Bird begot by Poetry.
Thouſands have beheld thee on
The fabled Mountain *Helicon*,
'Tis there thou loves to dwell.
Nay, I my ſelf have ſeen thee there,
But never any other where,
Except at *Pindar's* Well.

On *Solomon.*

[ ]

TELL me, Princely *Hebrew* Scribe,
While Virtue was thy Bribe,
What Proviſion didſt thou lack,
That Heav'n could make;
While Heav'n was Patron to thy Muſe,
Could'ſt thou e're complain thy Views
Contracted were,
Or couldſt thou greater Freedom uſe
In any Place than there?

[2.]

Was Heav'n too ſmall a Bribe for thee,
Could thou look down on Earth and Sea;
Where would that Fool Ambition run,
Is there a Field below the Sun,
Where he at large might range,
That thou grew enamour'd of Change?
Did thy GOD a Promiſe break,
That e're his Lips did make,
That thou look'd down upon his Laws,
Surely thou muſt have ſome Cauſe:
Tell me mighty Monarch, why
Thou brake his Chain and fled away?

[3.]

Wert thou not free to launce
Earth's richeſt Veins?
Did not the liberal Sea
Reward thy Pains?
Did not the Fields to thy Tribute bring?
Did *Iſrael*'s Crown adorn a greater King,
Did e're thine Incenſe Altar ceaſe to ſmoak,
Or did the Sheepherds feed a barren Flock?

[4.]

Doeſt thou not mind, how Nature in the Grove
Thy fragrant Garland wove,

Of

Of richeſt Olive Boughs and Bay,
While every happy Day,
As thy *Requiem* was ſung,
They ſmileing o'er thy Temples hung;
So proud were both to ſhed their Prince's Head,
They look'd upon the Laurel Tree as a neglected Reed.

[5.]

While thou reclin'd thy Head on Wiſdom's Breaſt,
All her Boſom thou poſſeſs'd;
Nothing was conceal'd from thee,
That became Humanity,
While here to know;
Speak out, great Prince, was it not ſo?
Heav'n put the Scepter in thine Hand,
And taught thee to command.
Heav'n ſet the Crown upon thine Head,
Thou did not win it by a warlike Deed.
Heav'n lighted up thy Father's Lamp,
And brought his Laurel from the Camp,
Unto the Judgement Seat.
Wert thou not truly great,
The Sword of Juſtice foil'd the Sword of War,
Thy Sun-like Glory was beheld afar.
How couldſt thou ungrateſull be,
When Heaven was ſo fond of thee?

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange, as Favours did increaſe,
That Gratitude, like thine, grew leſs!

[6.]

While thou delighted in bright Virtue's ſhine,
All her Influence was thine,
Light and Heat and vital Life
Maintain'd a glorious Striſe
About the Place,
Who moſt thy Fields ſhould grace.
Thy Virtue brought ten Thouſand Virtues out,
Long Priſ'ners in the Cave of Doubt;
At thy Deſire they cheerfully came forth,
Bluſhing Flowers confeſt their Worth,
Shrubs were proud to ſhow their Parts
To thee, great Judge of Arts:
Thou examin'd all Degrees,
In the great Univerſity of Trees.
Tell, mighty Rector, why
Thou grew ſick of Dignity,
Was it lucious to thy Taſte,
Or did it not with Eaſe digeſt?

[7.]

When to the Field implicite * Virtue came,
She thought to win the Prize of Fame;

* *The Virtue of Medicine.*

But when her Sons beheld in thee,
The Strength of ſound Phyloſophy,
They all with one Conſent reſign'd
The Scepter up to humane Kind.

[8.]

Such was thine envy'd State, exalted Scribe,
While Virtue was thy Bribe;
But when ſhe upward took her Flight,
Coy Pleaſure ſhun'd thy Sight.
All the Beautys thou hadſt ſeen,
Were as they had never been;
Strange Fire thy Scepter melted down,
The Jewels darkned in thy Crown,
The Wine look'd ſickly in thy Cup,
Becauſe it's Sire was rooted up.
Where e're thou went to take the Air,
Contagion ſeem'd to meet thee there;
Medicine could afford no Cure,
Nor could Philoſophy endure.
Knowledge loſt her Influence,
Pleaſure pall'd upon the Senſe.
Thus ſurfeit ſick Humanity,
Turn'd wholeſome Food to Vanity.

The Nature of Chriſtian Virtue.

FAIR Pattern of Divinity,
May I once look up to thee;
Dare I ſay, that e're my Mind
By thy Virtue was refin'd.
Is pure Love to thee my Chain,
Did it e're a Vice reſtrain:
Did the Paſſion blow my Fire,
Haſt thou taught me to aſpire,
Hath thy Glory been my Aim,
Or do I ſacrifice to Fame.
Hath private Intreſt got my Heart,
Or is it ſpoil'd with ſervile Art,
Whether it be ſo or not,

Thou alone can make me know:
If e're it was, let it be no more ſo.
If thy Paſſion blow the Fire,
Sure it never will expire.
If thy Glory be my Aim,
Thou wilt always guard my Fame.

But if Intreſt hath my Heart,
My Virtue won't endure:
Where Nature is Sophiſticate,
The Actions can't be pure.

If I purſue a dying Fame,
I'll quickly face about;
If from ſuch Springs my Actions flow,
My Lamp will ſoon go out.

My ſelf can ſcarce the Fountain ſee,
From whence each Action flows;
But thou my GOD, beholds the Field,
Where Vice and Virtue grows.

Thou ſeeſt the Tares among the Wheat,
Which Mortals cannot ſee;

The Weeding of ſo large a Field
Is not a Task for me.

'Tis thou alone dare touch the Snakes,
That lurk among the Flowers,
Whoſe Poiſon marr'd the Beauty of
The intellectual Powers.

In the fair Field of Memory,
What Serpents there have been,
Which, through thy clear perſpective Glaſs,
My frighted Eyes have ſeen.

Theſe did thy humane Nature ſting,
And gave thee up to Death:
Can Man a Compoſition make
With them, while he hath Breath?

The ſmalleſt Thorn, that pierc'd thine Head,
From Man might force a Tear;
Can the Reproaches thrown on thee
Be Muſick to his Ear?

Can Friends to thee be Friends to him,
Who ſpit upon thy Face!
Who could believe that ſuch a Brand
Could fix on *Adam*'s Race?

Did thy Fetters gall the humane Mind,
Hath Man found out a Syſtem more refin'd,
Doth not immortal Glory ſhine
In that impartial Law of thine.
Every Precept bears to me
A Feature of Divinity.
Was not Reaſon meant by thee
As a Rule to Equity;
Who would then Offences give,
On Condition to receive
The like Offences in Return:
Brutes might have our Ways in Scorn.

Doth not humane Nature's Tie
Soften filial Piety;
Who ever threw away that Chain,
But felt a more than mortal Stain,
Was not natural Modeſty
Set as Guard to Chaſtity?
Sure if Honour be not here,

It is not any other where.
Who could more Indulgence give,
Than we mortals do receive?
Virtue is a Thornleſs Roſe,
Vice doth only diſcompoſe.
Since all Ideas in the Mind
By thy Decree are cloſs confin'd,
Untill the Dawn of th' eternal Day,
That all theſe Spectters fly away,
Let Patience rule, 'tis her that calms the Sea,
But Heav'n protect me from Stupidity,
Preſerve in me a well directed Hate,
That Good and Bad may ne're incorporate.

The Difference between Virtue and Pride.

IF Pride were Virtue, Virtue could not be
The nat'ral offspring of Divinity.

Humanity,

Humanity, e're it was ſtain'd,
Diſdain'd a Guard of Pride,
But when ſhe felt her Virtue fail,
She call'd her in for Aid;
To aſſiſt her in Intreſt came,
Both blew up the hateſull Flame,
Which aroſe to ſuch a Height
It extinguiſh'd Virtues Light.

(2.)

'Twas Hell and Furies hatch'd that monſtrous Birth,
And ſent it hither to be Nurſt on Earth:
Scarce had the Infant touch'd the Nurſe's Breaſt,
Till all the humane Boſom it poſſeſs'd.
Paſſion ſoon contracts her View,
Every Glut Affection drew:
Nurſe never dreams the Infant's ſmiles
Were all invented Wiles;
It's ſeeming Artleſs Charms could never rouſe her Fear,
But all it's pretty Murmurings were Muſick to her Ear.

3. Long

[3.]

Long Days and Nights ſhe fondly ſpent,
Soft Amuſements to invent,
To recreat the Eye and charm the Ear,
To raiſe the Infant's Hope and lay it's Fear:
At length ſhe ſaw it's Paſſion riſe,
To her no ſmall Surprize,
Quick Taſte aroſe, with her Reſentment grew,
Revenge and Envy both appear'd in View,
Malice and Fraud, Preſumption and Diſpair,
All ſhow their Shapes with a majeſtick Air.

[4.]

Falſe Glory, *Phœbus* of th' infernal Sky,
Whoſe Influence gave Life to all the Fry,
Darts forth his Beams with ſuch malicious Force,
That all the riſing Virtues dy'd of Courſe,
Scorch'd with exceſſive Heat, and parch'd with cruel thirſt

The tender Infants could not long exiſt.
I ſaw their Duſt long after in their Graves,
And ſcarcely knew it from the common Slaves,
No Virtue ever flouriſh'd in that Clime,
Where Pride and Intreſt ſet the Bounds of Time.

To the *Muſe*.

COME hither to the Hedge, and ſee
The Walks that are aſſign'd to thee:
All the Bounds of Virtue ſhine,
All the plain of Wiſdom's thine,
All the Flowers of harmleſs Wit
Thou mayeſt pull, if thou think'ſt fit,
In the fair Field of Hiſtory.

All

All the Plants of Piety
Thou mayeſt freely thence tranſplant:
But have a Care of whining Cant.

FINIS.

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